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PEACE—FOURTH OF JULY, 1865.

HYMN FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1865.

Great God of Battles, unto Thee
  Lift we our feeble voices high;
  Eternal Ruler of the sky,
To whom all nations bend the knee!

With grateful hearts, O Lord, to-day
  We bow before Thy throne above;
  We know Thou art the God of Love,
Though veiled in cloud Thy hidden way—

Though veiled in cloud to our weak sight,
  In Thy exalted wisdom sealed
  To highest things; if else revealed
Our eyes were blinded by the light.

Through tribulation, gracious Lord,
  With hearts by grief and suffering torn,
  Do we approach Thee, having borne
The fiery trial of the sword.

From Thy high throne within the skies
  Look down, great God, upon our land:
  Behold our altars how they stand
Wet with the blood of sacrifice!

Bless unto us this day, whose birth
  First dawned upon that great decree
  Whose stirring words proclaimed us free—
A sovereign people of the earth!

Bless Thou our land! From east to west
  Make fruitful all the teeming soil:
  Bless to the farmer his hard toil:
Our harvests, Lord, O make them blest!

Bless Thou our rulers! May they serve
  With largest wisdom to fulfill
  Thy purpose: give them strength of will,
And power of brain, and iron nerve.

Bless, Lord, our people! Make them Thine,
  As in Thy sacred Word we're told
  Were Israel's in the days of old.
O make us as a fruitful vine!

Bless Thou the Union! May its cause
  Be Thine, O Lord, through good and ill;
  Firm fixed upon the people's will,
And kept inviolate by the laws.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, July 8, 1865.

THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1865.

Once more the flag of the United States floats supreme over every inch of its rightful domain, from the pine hills of Maine to the palm shores of the Gulf, and from one ocean to the other. Four years ago it fell at Fort Sumter upon a startled people doubting if they were a nation. It rises again over the strongest nation upon the globe. The great national festival returns, and will be hailed as never before. Eloquence and song and solemn popular enthusiasm will consecrate the memorable day. The bells and the cannon of a continent will salute its happy sunrise and evening; and the universal public and private prayer of all true hearts will be, God bless and preserve the United States of America!

Eighty-nine years ago our fathers declared a popular government to be practicable. They asserted that such a government would be adequate to every emergency, signally prosperous in peace, and invincible against treason or foreign war. Favored by every felicitous influence of situation, of climate, and of moderate population, the great experiment began. That it was an experiment the Old World insisted. That with a kind climate and spare population it might work well so long as there was peace, was contemptuously conceded. But that it would yield to the first serious pressure, and disappear in war, was haughtily asserted.

It was called an experiment, and it was more so than was believed. It claimed to be a trial of the principle of popular government, but it was not a fair trial. Thoughtful men early saw that if it failed, the failure was not that of a truly popular system, but of one vitiated by a partial but absolute denial of the popular principle. If, on the other hand, it succeeded, its success would be the sublimest proof of the enduring character of such a government, and a final vindication of a wise faith in man.

The hour of trial came. It came under a cloud of circumstances apparently fatal to the system. It came as disease comes to a poisoned frame. "The bubble has burst!" cried those who had sneered. "God save the People!" prayed those who had believed. And as a ship strains and heads against the thunder and shock of mingled tempest and ocean, so with sure persistence, with unquailing courage, with unwavering faith, giving their time, their money, their heart's-blood, the people breasted the combined and prolonged fury of anarchy and despotism, and triumphed. To-day they stand erect and victorious under the perfect rainbow of the departing storm, and that bow is the promise of peace to mankind.

The experiment is complete. The popular principle has been found sufficient to suppress an unprecedented rebellion at home and to avoid foreign interference; and it has done this without losing its essence or its form. A vast volunteer army of citizens—a formidable navy built and manned in the very stress of war—an enormous loan taken by the people—these have been the means, with no arbitrary measures but such as the Constitution itself contemplated and provided—by which this result has been achieved. And that the spectacle might want no essential element, the labor was accomplished under the leadership of a man whose purity of life and sublime simplicity of genius, added to his profound faith in liberty and entire reliance upon law, made him the characteristic representative of the American people and of republican institutions. In the bright garland of the rejoicing festival a leaf of rue will be woven in tender memory of him, nor will any orator forget to mingle the name of Lincoln with his celebration of the national unity and liberty which the stout heart and the strong arm of the people have maintained.

We have a right to rejoice as never before—for we have now the authority of experience to believe that every question within the nation will be wisely settled by the same popular good sense and patient heroism which has saved the nation.

THE PUBLIC SAFETY.

Five years ago, when the Government of the United States was threatened with destruction, a large party declared that it had no constitutional right to defend itself, but must consent to its own overthrow. The Government—in other words, the people acting through their lawful authorities—declined to be destroyed, and after a long and terrible struggle, which took all the forms and proportion of war, has succeeded in subduing the armed insurrection against its authority. Having thus, at the cost of a quarter of a million of lives, an enormous public debt, and a universal derangement of affairs, once more established that authority, it is now told that it has no constitutional right to secure it. This assertion is not made by the adherents and apologists of the rebellion only, but in the New York *Daily Times* we find this extraordinary statement: "We do not assent, therefore, to Mr. Dana's position, that we may rightfully impose upon the Southern States any requirements which we may deem essential to the public safety." That is to say, the Government of the United States must submit to any measures which "the Southern States" may choose to adopt in their reorganization, even if it considers them to be destructive of the public safety.

Fortunately for the country this is not the ground taken by the President of the United States. Slavery, he said to the South Carolina delegation, composed of citizens who have been rebels for four years and more—slavery is dead. Whatever you may think about it—whatever your State Constitution may say about it, it is still true, said President Andrew Johnson, speaking in the name of the United States, that "there is no hope that the people of South Carolina can be admitted into the Senate or the House of Representatives until they afford evidence by their conduct of this truth."

The President imposes the condition of emancipation on the State reorganization because the public safety requires it. Upon what other ground than the public safety has the Government waged war? What was the war but the maintenance of the national authority against local action, which was incompatible with public safety? And in that part of the country which was the seat of war what political authority exists at this moment but that of the nation? If it be asserted that States can not cease to be States, we should like to know in the present situation who is to decide that point? If it be assumed that certain loyal citizens constitute the States, we should like to know who settles that question? Clearly the people of the United States through their lawful Government; and while undoubtedly those people desire that State governments may be organized as speedily as the public safety will permit, they are resolved with equal unanimity that no local government shall be established any where in the country except upon conditions which they may deem essential to the public safety.

If the political authority of the United States be not at this moment absolute over every square inch of South Carolina, then some other authority is paramount there. If so, what is it? Is it the State authority? If that be the case, then the State Constitution regulates it, and regulates it independently of all other. But if there be another authority which refuses to recognize any validity in the State Constitution except upon prescribed conditions, then that authority is paramount, and it may prescribe a reformation in parts or altogether of that Constitution. If the *Times* be correct, the proclamations of President Johnson are unconstitutional, because he has imposed upon the Southern States requirements which he deems essential to the public safety—a course which seems to us to be both that of the Constitution and of common sense.

Suppose that a certain number of persons living in the State of South Carolina should call a convention, reaffirm the Constitution, take an oath of fidelity to the Union, and claim to be reorganized as the State of South Carolina. The whole country would laugh at them for their pains. Before the total ruin of the rebellion this was the kind of advice given to the rebels by the New York *World*. "Summon your Legislatures," it said, "repeal the act of secession, lay down your arms, and Lincoln can do nothing. Elect your Senators and Representatives; send them to Washington; and as the House is not organized they will have a voice in the organization." If the *Times* be correct, this was sound advice. If the country can not impose upon the reorganization of rebel States such conditions as the public safety may require, then the public safety is at the mercy of those rebel States.

If, again, it be alleged that although all the people in the State have by the State attitude of rebellion forfeited their political rights, and that they are restored by the pardoning power under certain conditions, the whole argument falls to the ground by its own terms. For, manifestly, if all the people in a State have forfeited their political rights there is nobody which can rightfully exercise political power there, except by the will of the national authority, and under such conditions as it may impose with a view to national peace and security.

That is precisely the cardinal point in the labor of reorganization, which is now plainly apparent. The United States having overthrown the armed resistance to its authority is now to secure that authority wherever it has been denied and assailed upon such conditions as it conceives essential to the public safety. Those conditions may be entirely unknown to any State Constitution in the recovered district. Indeed, in every instance thus far they are unknown to those Constitutions. In Mississippi, for instance, the State law ordains that every free white male of a certain age shall be deemed a qualified elector. But the President sets aside fourteen classes of such electors, and admits to vote only those of the remainder who shall take an oath unknown to the letter and abhorrent to the spirit of the State Constitution. Why are these requirements, in the words of the *Times*, "imposed upon the Southern States?" Simply because in the President's estimation the public safety requires it. Does any body suppose that if, in his estimation any other condition had been essential, he might not have required it? Might he not equally have required, as a pledge of fidelity, that the Constitution to be formed for the State shall not disfranchise any innocent citizen because of the shape of his nose or the color of his face?

The President has, however, decided to impose no other conditions than those we have named. But he has not declared that any Constitution which may be submitted by the electors whom he has qualified, even if accepted by the State, shall therefore be received as final. He reserves to himself and to Congress, that is, to the people of the United States in their government—the ultimate decision. And what will govern that decision? Considerations of the public safety. The highest constitutional duty of both President and Congress is to provide for that, and in taking every measure which a terrible experience has shown to be essential to the public safety, they may rely upon the unfaltering and undivided support of every true Union man in the country.

WHAT EUROPE THINKS.

The United States Government has now furnished Europe with an argument which every government understands. It has proved itself, by the most tremendous test, to be practically invincible. We are not surprised, therefore, to hear of the sudden and amazed respect for us which has suddenly arisen in the most hostile foreign circles. We are not surprised that the French official organ emphatically denies that the Government intended to send reinforcements to Mexico, and that the United States minister in Paris has suddenly become a man worth knowing. We are not surprised to learn that very conspicuous members of the British Government now confess that they were entirely mistaken upon the American question, and would be very glad to prove that they have been really friendly to us—if they could.

Indeed it is doubtless true that the dispatches of our Department of State are regarded with deeper interest than the utterances of any foreign office in Europe; while our bonds are in the highest favor in Germany and Holland, and are creeping into England, where, however, a natural restlessness about Mexican affairs temporarily depresses our stocks. In fact, as one of the best-informed gentlemen in Europe remarks, the United States Government is now regarded not only as one of the great powers, but as the strongest government on the globe.

Meanwhile our true friends in Europe rejoice wisely and in full sympathy with us. They understand, as we do, that the great fundamental interests of the people are the same upon both sides of the sea. They are working steadily and hopefully for their relief from many a crushing weight. They see in our success the greatest proof of the practicability of their efforts, and feel the loftiest inspiration for their continuance.

Our duty toward the European friends whose faith did not falter in our darkest hour is plain. We are to show that we know how to use victory as well as to win it. We are to show that our faith in the equality of human rights and in a government founded upon the consent of the governed is as sure as our power to defend that government against a treasonable faction. By our true moderation, by our manly firmness, by our just regard for our own rights and honest respect for those of others, by our independence of precedents established by aristocratic authority, and by our perfect confidence in our ability to make rules of policy as well as to follow them, we are to show that in no point of a secure and economical and free government is a republic inferior to the most cunningly balanced aristocracy or paternal monarchy.

The faith of our true friends in Europe has been substantially our own, and the Thanksgiving is common to us all.

A SIGNIFICANT ORDER.

General Terry, the hero of Fort Fisher, now commanding in Virginia, has issued a most important order. The laws of Virginia which applied to free colored persons were, as he says, substantially part of the slave code. Yet to those laws all the population freed by the emancipation proclamation were subjected. General Terry, therefore, says that the law expires with the reason of the law, and that henceforth all people of color will enjoy exactly the same personal liberty as all other citizens, and will be subject to the same restraints and punishments, and no other. Neither whites nor blacks will be permitted to be vagrants, but both whites and blacks may seek employment where they will. And as during the suspension of the civil tribunals criminal justice must be administered by military courts, the evidence of colored persons will be received by such courts in all cases.

This is simple common sense. The United States Government acknowledges no distinction between white and colored citizens, and wherever its authority is paramount no such distinction can be permitted. If every provisional Governor of the late rebel States were like Major-General Terry, the country would be spared infinite trouble.

CHARACTERISTIC ADVICE.

The London rebel organ, the *Index*, advises English and French capital to invest itself as rapidly as possible in the Southern States, that a direct trade may be established between them and Europe, by which an interest adverse to "the Northern oppressor" may be fostered. But in nothing, according to the *Index*, is this direct trade so desirable as in literature. Indeed that excellent authority informs us that "no true Southern gentleman or lady will ever for amusement's sake read a Northern book or periodical, Northern written or Northern printed.......The Southern book trade alone was worth to the North before the war many millions of dollars. It need not be as many thousands. And above all other books the most immediate and imperative want of the South is for school-books."

Here is the same delightful disregard of all the laws of human intercourse which do not depend in the least degree upon whim or passion that we have heard for thirty years from the late rebels. It springs from the same amusing ignorance which used to threaten New York with grass in Broadway, and which supposed that an indignant resolution of a convention of slaveholders could make Charleston a great commercial capital. The worthy souls might have as wisely determined that there should be vast coal beds in South Carolina, and exhaustless iron mines in Florida.

Production and trade are very independent of the proceedings of hot-headed conventions. Fugitive-slave-bill Mason once defiantly came to the Senate of the United States in a suit of Virginia homespun. That was the way in which the "true Southern gentleman" was to ruin all the woolen mills in the wicked "North." Somebody quietly turned up one of the buttons and showed the Connecticut trade mark. It is a final law. The trade mark of cheapest production will always be turned up on every commodity in the world. Mehemet Ali, the last great Egyptian pacha, resolved to make Egypt independent of the world. The valley of the Nile had formerly produced indigo of fine quality. So the pacha planted indigo in the grain fields. He raised a good crop. He even controlled the European indigo market. But, meanwhile, Egypt wanted food, and indigo presently yielded to the grain.

The inevitable law includes literature no less than wheat. Formerly the foolish spirit which edits the *Index* demanded a "Southern" literature, to be supplied by "Southern" genius, and to be supported by "true Southern gentlemen and ladies." It was like saying that no wine should be drunk in the South except that which was raised from Southern vines, upon Southern soil, and iced from the Gulf of Mexico. As a matter of experience Mr. William Gilmore Simms did create a literature in many volumes. But they were printed in New York. Where they were sold or read we have never learned. Now, however, it appears that there is a suspicion of the power of a region to produce a litera-

ture merely because it does not feel friendly toward another region, and it is suggested that England shall supply books to the South. And if, says the *Index*, "publishers would only...... adapt editions a little more nearly to the American standard of prices they would have little to apprehend, at least so far as the Southern country is concerned, from the absence of an international copyright treaty with the United States." The suggestion is simple. If England will only furnish more desirable books at a cheaper rate than the Yankees she can drive them out of the market. Who doubts it? If not, the hapless "true Southern gentleman or lady" will be obliged to read "Northern" books and periodicals.

This is the wisdom of the organ of the late rebellion in London. "The true Southern gentleman and lady" will hereafter read the books which they can buy cheapest. But if such books are "Northern printed" they will not amuse! We congratulate London upon so luminous an *Index*.

NO MORE FOREIGN GOODS.

It is well understood that the tariff will be remodeled at the next session of Congress. Three distinct parties demand alterations in the present schedule of duties. One party, calling themselves Free-traders, ask that the duties on foreign goods be reduced, and that Government rely more exclusively on the product of internal taxes for revenue. Another party, calling themselves Protectionists, demand that the duties be raised on all foreign commodities which enter into competition with home manufactures. And a third party request that the duties on foreign goods be raised, with a view of checking importations and diminishing the outward flow of specie.

The Free-traders stand on principle. They denounce all interference by Government with the freedom of trade, and assert, with good reason, that protective duties are merely taxes on one class of the community for the benefit of another class. The Protectionists, on the other hand, argue from the point of view of self-interest, and claim that it is the interest of the country that manufactures be developed, and that this can not be completely achieved until, for a period, they have been relieved altogether from foreign competition. This argument, sound or unsound as it may be, is likely to be urged in quarters where it might have been supposed that free-trade doctrines would have been generally prevalent. Illinois is not blind to the prospect of becoming the great manufacturing State of the Union.

But it is possible that the views of both these classes may be made to give way to the more immediate cogency of the reasoning of the third party to which we have alluded.

It can not be denied that there is danger of large importations, and consequently of a heavy drain of gold, and consequently of a high premium upon specie. It is now certain that the Western crops are going to be the largest ever harvested. It follows that the Western people are going to be rich, and will, of course, have a great deal of money to spend. That, in the ordinary course of events, they will spend a large portion of this in foreign drygoods and foreign luxuries, is clear. Our merchants are making their preparations already for a heavy fall trade, and from present appearances, if no currency disturbance occurs, the spring trade will be even heavier. Now, it is obvious that the country can not stand heavy importations without very serious injury. The slight circumstance of a few millions of gold being exported in May and June has enabled speculators to "corner" the gold market, and the premium has risen from 129 to 142. For daily delivery gold is worth from $\frac{1}{8}$ to $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. a day. If, in October or in February next, we have to pay for an unusually large quantity of foreign goods, and cotton does not come forward in very large amounts to discharge the debt, gold will be shipped in quantities which may render it as much more valuable than greenbacks as it ever was.

It is this danger which has led many men to consider the expediency of raising the tariff upon all foreign goods which are not of prime necessity to a point that would prove prohibitory. Tea, coffee, hides, spices, drugs, and some other similar articles we can not dispense with, and the duty on these should never be so high as to diminish materially their consumption, otherwise it becomes unduly oppressive on our own people. But foreign silks, woolens, cottons, laces, hardware, glass, wines, cigars, tobacco, etc. etc., constitute more than one half the entire import list, and we could dispense with the whole of them. Most of these articles can be made at home, and the others are superfluities. Suppose Congress levied a duty of 200 or 250 per cent. on these articles, and thus shut them out altogether?

The effect would be that our wives would not be able to indulge in the luxury of Lyons silks, or their husbands in Champagne, Chateau Yquem, and fifty cent Cabañas: which would be sad. But, on the other hand, another effect would be that the country at large would have $100,000,000 or $150,000,000 less to pay to the world at large, and would not require to export specie: whence it would follow that coin would accumulate at the central points, and that the first tight money-market would very materially reduce the premium on gold. Whether this would be an advantage that would compensate us for the privation of silks and Champagne every reader must decide for himself.

In this country, as a rule, price—within certain limits—does not govern expenditure. The consumption of foreign goods has never been regulated by tariffs: it has often been larger under a high tariff than under a low one. But it has always been in direct ratio to bank expansion. Given the bank discounts of the United States, it has always been easy to figure out the importations of foreign goods, and the consumption, or, in other words, the extravagance of the people. To put the formula in homelier language, we always spend all the money we can get, whether it procures us little or much.

But the expenditure of an absolutely prohibitory tariff has never been tried. The tariff of 1828-'32, against which South Carolina rebelled, and which was repealed as intolerable, was less severe than the tariff now in force. No tariff has ever been adopted in this country with the direct purpose of excluding foreign goods. We know that American women will wear nearly as many silk dresses at $4 a yard as they would wear at $2, and that American men will drink as much Champagne at $5 a bottle as at $2 50. But if the silks cost $15 a yard, and the Champagne $15 a bottle, would the importers find customers?

Of course no prohibitory tariff would be permanent. The tendency of the country is naturally to gravitate toward free trade. But we are now in a transition state. We may be said to have no financial policy, and no capacity to adopt one until a return to specie payments has been effected. Till then all must be temporary make-shift, and empirical effort to stay the bad effects of a violation of financial laws. The question, therefore, is not whether it is better in the abstract to exclude foreign commodities, or to impose prohibitory duties on articles which our people want; but whether, in view of our peculiar circumstances, and the vital importance of getting back to specie payments as soon as we can, some sacrifice had better not be made, and some restraints imposed on the extravagance of our people, in the hope of checking the outflow of specie, and the inevitable tendency of gold to rise as it becomes scarce.

NO DANGER!

A critic of the Boston meeting to consider the true policy of reorganization, says that there is nothing to warrant the assumption that if "the loyal residents of the different States of the South are allowed to exercise a right which the residents of other States enjoy without dispute, they will do so to the prejudice of a particular interest."

The critic has apparently failed to observe that the object of the Boston meeting was to recommend that "the loyal residents," and not a part of them most of whom have been rebels, should exercise the political power of the State. The critic means, however, not the loyal residents, but a certain part of them, and he asserts that there is no reason to believe that they will endanger the rights of any particular interest—that is, disfranchise the colored loyal citizens of the State. This is rather a bold statement in view of the facts.

Tennessee, for instance, has reorganized, and not only disfranchises the colored citizen, but covers him with every kind of civil disability. The Nashville *Times* says of the bill ordaining the status of the colored population: "We opposed the bill while pending in the Lower House, not only because it was essentially wrong in some features and wholly uncalled for in others, *but also because it would certainly prevent the admission of our Congressional delegation in the next Congress*......So far as it adds any thing to our present laws it is a bill to re-establish slavery."

In North Carolina a correspondent of the *Times* says that "opposition to negro suffrage at present is unanimous." Among whom? Among the very class to which it is proposed to intrust exclusively the reorganization of the State, and of which the same correspondent says: "I am sorry to say that the great mass of the intelligent portion of the community still have some slight leaning in opposition to the authority of the National Government. Many who had been represented to me as Union men, I found had no better claims to that honorable appellation than hearty and unqualified disapproval of and opposition to the tyrannical course of Davis and his minions." So also Mr. Ashley, Assistant Superintendent of Negro Affairs, says, two weeks later, "The spirit of slavery in all its rancor still lives in North Carolina, and is determined to dominate."

In Virginia, Provost-Marshal-General Wells says of the late election there that he had learned "an oath of allegiance was not conclusive evidence of loyalty; but that it was surely worthless unless accompanied by consistent conduct and loyal acts." In Dinwiddie and Roanoke Counties, Virginia, the people, who, the conciliatory *Tribune* says, are deterred from imitating their late oracle, Ruffin, by their lack of brains to blow out, have resolved to pay five dollars as monthly wages to colored men, whose movements they narrowly restrict; and the people of these counties have probably exactly as much brains and of the same kind as the rest of the population in the late rebel States.

The New York *Times*, also, in an elaborate and careful article, declares that "the loyal men of the South will not give it" [the suffrage]—meaning, of course, by "loyal men," white men; and adds, in proof of its assertion, that the seven new Constitutions of the Border and Southern States expressly limit the suffrage to white men. The *Tribune* says: "We trust, on the contrary, that the ruling caste at the South may be prompted to do what is just and heedful by their own enlightened convictions of justice, security, and wise policy." It then despairingly asks: "Why *should* the South insist on the perpetual serfdom or vassalage of her principal body of laborers?" There is such a thing as history. Why *did* she insist upon it? That is the reason why she will.

The testimony is uniform. The rights of "a particular interest" are necessarily endangered by confiding all the political power to another interest. The character of that interest is described in the letter we have quoted from the *Times*. And can any body say *why* the rights of nearly half the population at the South, and the peace of the whole nation, should be endangered by the people who have "a slight leaning" toward treason? Would the proprietors of papers which advocate this policy insist upon intrusting their buildings and property to those who had "a slight leaning" toward arson and burglary? Or would they consider it the perfection of practical wisdom to allow such persons to decide whether men of the most undoubted honesty and fidelity should guard their premises and property?

PROVISIONAL GOVERNOR OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

It is just as sensible to speak of Magrath or Pickens for provisional Governor of South Carolina as of W. W. Boyce. He was one of the fiercest of secessionists and most fiery of fire-eaters. On the evening before Mr. Lincoln's election in 1860 he, at that time a member of Congress from South Carolina, was serenaded by the intending secessionists at Columbia, in that State, and said, "I think the only policy for us is to arm as soon as we receive authentic intelligence of the election of Lincoln........ We will not submit whether the other Southern States act with us or with our enemies." It is very possible that the course of events has taught Mr. Boyce the criminal folly of such talk. But if there be a body of leaders who deceived and stimulated the South into treason and rebellion, W. W. Boyce is one of them; and Wigfall might as properly have been made provisional Governor of Texas as Boyce of South Carolina.

"CONQUERED BY THE NORTH."

In his reply to the President, Judge Frost, of the South Carolina delegation, said: "We are defeated and conquered by the North, who are too strong for us." That little remark showed precisely his state of mind. The fact is, that the people of the United States through their Government have suppressed a tremendous rebellion. But no section has done it. The rebels were the slave-masters and their dependents in some of the States, and the Copperheads in others. The authority of the Government has been maintained against the efforts of Vallandigham in Ohio, the Chicago *Times* in Illinois, Fernando and Benjamin Wood in New York, William B. Reed in Philadelphia, and the Boston *Courier*, as well as against those of Judge Frost and his friends in South Carolina. And when he speaks of that Government as "the North," he shows that he considers himself a citizen of one country, subjugated by the superior power of another.

Judge Frost is mistaken. He has not been defeated by the North. He has been overpowered by the Government of his country, against which he rebelled; and Robert Small, his fellow-citizen, helped the Government in overpowering him. Judge Frost has, therefore, no right to speak of the people of South Carolina as "us." For half of those people were of the side of what he calls "the North," and by every means they could command strengthened the Government to which Aiken turned a cold shoulder, and which Boyce and the rest of Frost's candidates for Governor did all they could to destroy.

Mrs. Seward.

The family of the Secretary of State has been again sorely smitten. Those only who knew Mrs. Seward can know what a friend her husband and children have lost. The tenderest of mothers, the truest and wisest of counselors, the most retiring, faithful, and patient of women, her influence will be forever felt in the tranquil wisdom and fidelity of her husband's service to humanity and his country. Her religious faith, her intelligent political confidence, her gentle and pervasive sympathy cheered her long hours of seclusion and illness, and strengthened the heart and hope of those even who seldom saw her. Could he who knew her best, and who owed so much to her womanly instinct, and to that love which has offered the last sacrifice, speak of himself at this moment, it would surely be in the spirit of John Stuart Mill's words: "Were I but capable of interpreting to the world one half the great thoughts and noble feelings which are buried in her grave, I should be the medium of a greater benefit to it than is ever likely to arise from any thing that I can write, unprompted and unassisted by her a.. but unrivaled wisdom."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

RECONSTRUCTION.

On the 21st of June President Johnson appointed Lewis E. Parsons Provisional Governor of Alabama.

On the 24th of June the President, at an interview with a delegation from South Carolina, gave a more definite shape to his policy of reconstruction. He intimated that he was probably a better States-rights man than any member of the delegation. He distinctly declared that South Carolina could expect no Government to be recognized which did not, by an especial provision, ratify the Constitutional amendment abolishing slavery. He said, furthermore, that "the policy, now that the rebellion is suppressed, is not to restore the State Government through military rule, but by the people. While the war has emancipated slaves, it has emancipated a larger number of white men. He would talk plain, as the delegation had said that was what they desired. He could go to men who had owned fifty or a hundred slaves, and who did not care as much for the poor white man as they did for the negro. Those who own the land have the capital to employ help, and therefore some of our Northern friends are deceived when they, living afar off, think they can exercise a greater control over the freedmen than the Southern men who have been reared where the institution of slavery has prevailed. Now he did not want the late slaveholders to control the negro votes against white men. Let each State judge of the depository of its own political power. He was for emancipation. He was for emancipating the white man as well as the black."

IMPORTANT ORDER.

Major-General Terry has issued the following highly-important order:

GENERAL ORDERS—No. 77.

Head-Quarters, Department of Virginia,
Richmond, Va., *June* 23, 1865.

The laws of the State of Virginia, and the ordinances of the different municipalities within the State, having especial reference to, and made to restrain the personal liberty of, free colored persons, were designed for the government of such persons while living amidst a population of colored slaves; they were enacted in the interest of slave-owners, and were designed for the security of slave-property; they were substantially parts of the slave-code.

Slavery has been abolished in Virginia, and therefore upon the principle that where the reason of the law ceases the law itself ceases, these laws and ordinances have become obsolete. People of color will henceforth enjoy the same personal liberty that other citizens and inhabitants enjoy; they will be subject to the same restraints and to the same punishments, for crime, that are imposed on whites, and to no others.

Vagrancy, however, will not be permitted; neither whites nor blacks can be allowed to abandon their proper occupations, to desert their families, or roam in idleness about this department; but neither whites nor blacks will be restrained from seeking employment elsewhere, when they can not obtain it with just compensation at their homes, nor from traveling from place to place on proper or legitimate business.

Until the civil tribunals are re-established the administration of criminal justice must, of necessity, be by military courts; before such courts the evidence of colored persons will be received in all cases.

By command of Major-General A. H. Terry.
Ed. W. Smith, Assistant Adjutant-General.

NEWS ITEMS.

General J. D. Cox has been nominated candidate for next Governor of Ohio by the Union party.

The funeral of the eminent general and statesman, D. Manuel Dobiado, Juarez's late Minister of Foreign Affairs, took place on the afternoon of June 22 from his late residence in this city, No. 39 East Fifteenth Street.

Rear-Admiral Samuel Francis Du Pont expired June 23 at the Lapierre House, Philadelphia, being nearly sixty-two years of age, fifty of which were spent in the naval service of the United States. Admiral Du Pont has been ill since June, 1863, being incapacitated for active service, and has been on an indefinite leave of absence.

On June 23 President Johnson issued a proclamation announcing the termination of the blockade of Galveston and other ports west of the Mississippi River, and that they will be open to foreign commerce, with certain restrictions heretofore specified, after the first of July proximo.

Mrs. William H. Seward, wife of the Secretary of State, died on the forenoon of June 21.

It is expected that the enrollment of voters in North Carolina will be completed in time to have the election for delegates to the State Convention held about the middle of August.

On the 21st of June G. A. Trenholm, late rebel Secretary of the Treasury, ex-Governor Aiken, of South Carolina, and General R. S. Ewell applied for pardon under the provision of the amnesty proclamation.

The Young Men's Christian Association have closed their transaction for the purchase of Ford's theatre for the sum of $100,000.

Major-General Gordon Granger assumed command of all the troops in Texas June 17.

John C. Breckinridge was in Havana June 17.

Charles James Faulkner, formerly our Minister to France, has applied for and received pardon from the President.

FOREIGN NEWS.

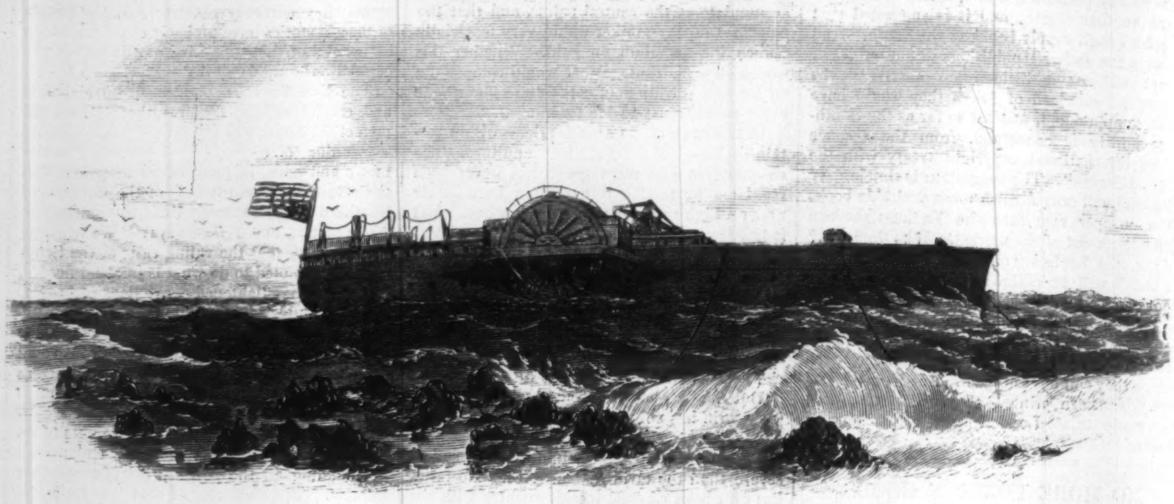
The English journals and members of Parliament still continue to kindly advise us as to how it would be becoming for us to treat Jefferson Davis and his companion traitors. At a banquet given by the Fishmongers' Company to the Prince of Wales Lord Brougham used the following language: "If my voice could reach across the Atlantic it would tell our kinsmen that their best friends, those who have been their advocates through good report and through bad report, now pray and beseech them to use the victory which, by great courage, great perseverance, and no little military skill, they have gained, in mercy as well as in justice; that they should not stain the scaffold with the blood of their prisoners; that they should remember that those prisoners whom they call rebels were treated by them as warriors; that truces were made with them, agreements made with them, submission received from them; and that they ought not to think of rendering their cause, which is now triumphant, hateful, as well as triumphant, by spilling the blood of those captives they have now in their power."

Italy and Spain have withdrawn all belligerent rights from the rebels.

On June 10 the Emperor Napoleon returned to Paris, and was enthusiastically received. The public buildings and a large number of private houses were illuminated in honor of his return. On the 12th the Emperor presided at a Council of Ministers, and at a sitting of the Privy Council. The Empress was also present.

At a banquet given by the Fishmongers' Company, London, to the Prince of Wales on June 10, Lord Clarence Paget, in responding to a toast of "The Navy," stated that the Emperor of the French had invited the English armor-plated fleet to make a tour around the coast of France, and that in return the French armor-plated fleet had been asked to make a similar tour around the English Coast. The two fleets were expected to be at Plymouth together about the middle of July. It is reported that the Prince of Wales will probably review the fleets at Plymouth, and the Emperor Napoleon at Cherbourg.

THE BELLE OF THE "GOLDEN RULE."



THE WRECK.

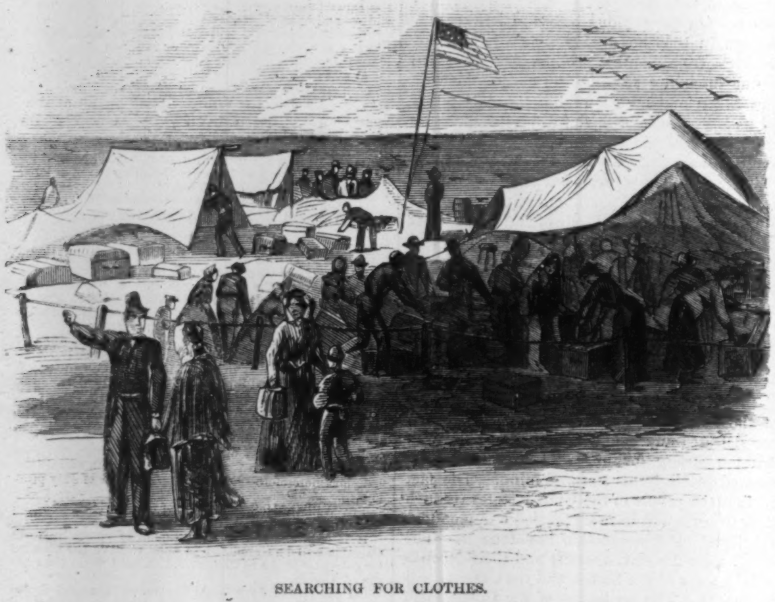
WRECK OF THE "GOLDEN RULE."

On the morning of May 30 the *Golden Rule*, a steamship of the Nicaragua Transit Company, was wrecked on the shoal and coral island El Roncador, in the Caribbean Sea. She was on her way from New York to Aspinwall, and was due at the latter place May 31. The ship struck on a reef, head on, where she remained twenty minutes, when she swung broadside and soon after bilged. Efforts were made to back her off into deep water, but she could not be moved. It was then certain that the vessel must soon become a total wreck, and the all-important problem now was how to save the lives of those on board, numbering nearly six hundred. It was not known at first that the reef which the vessel had struck was part of a coral island, and the prospect offered to the passengers was a very gloomy one, as it was thought that they would have to rely upon boats and rafts for their safety. It was therefore a joyful sight when the low coral bank was discovered near at hand.

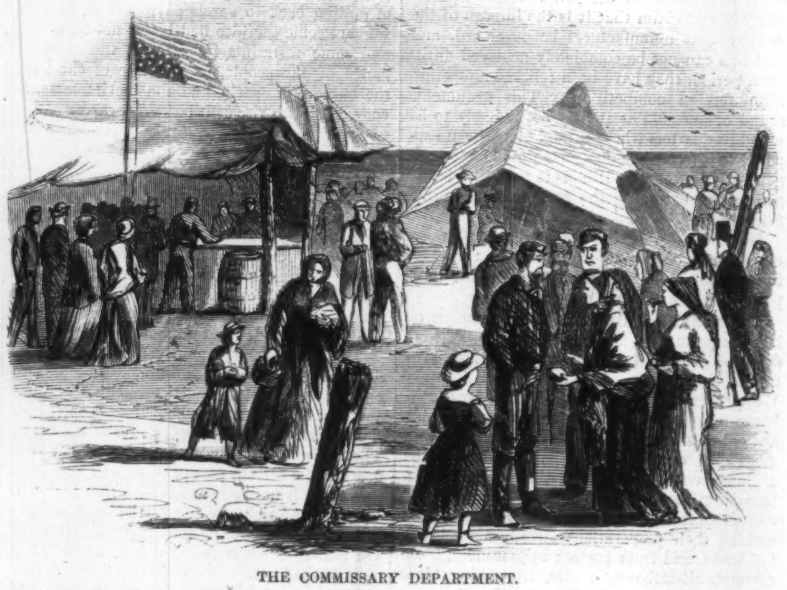
The island upon which the passengers were landed was one of the numerous keys or cays which stud the sea of the Antilles, and which are the terror of the mariners who navigate it. They are usually mere banks of sand, elevated a few feet above the water, occasionally supporting a few bushes, or a scrubby, tempest-twisted palm or two, and only frequented by the sea-birds for rest and incubation, and by turtles for laying their eggs. Around them there is always a reef of coral, built up from the bottom of the sea by those wonderful architects, the coral insects. This reef surrounds the cay, at a greater or less distance, like a ring, leaving between it and the island proper a belt of water, of variable depth and of the loveliest blue. The reef, which is sometimes scarcely visible above the sea, effectually breaks the force of the waves. Except a few of the larger ones, none of these cays are inhabited, except by the turtle-fishers. The name, El Roncador, signifies *The Snorer*. It is a small cay, three quarters of a mile long, and, at the widest, not more than four hundred yards broad—a mere bank of white sand. It is famous for its turtles, which during the night-time crawl upon the shore to deposit their eggs.

The island El Roncador was, after all, a dreary place of refuge. There was scarcely a shrub on its surface. But it was preferable to the hazard of being out at sea in frail rafts and small boats. The passengers were landed in a rain-storm, and were not, therefore, in a very comfortable situation. A good portion of the provisions was saved, though not all in a sound condition. The baggage of the passengers was nearly all lost.

In the mean time there was great anxiety at Aspinwall on account of the non-arrival of the vessel. On the 6th of June a boat containing the purser and second officer of the missing steamer arrived there, reporting the total loss of the *Golden Rule*. The next day the *Huntsville* and *State of Georgia* arrived at Aspinwall, and were sent to the assistance of the shipwrecked crew, which had been now a week upon the desert island. On these vessels the crew was taken to Aspinwall, where every possible kindness was shown to the unfortunate. The appearance of this six hundred people after their temporary isolation from civilized life was far from prepossessing.



SEARCHING FOR CLOTHES.



THE COMMISSARY DEPARTMENT.

VIEW ON THE ISLAND, LOOKING WESTWARD.

"A SAIL! A SAIL!"

THE WRECK OF THE "GOLDEN RULE"—SCENES UPON THE ISLAND EL RONCADOR.—[FROM SKETCHES BY GEORGE W. SHOURDS.]

LUTHER C. LADD.

ADDISON O. WHITNEY.

THE LADD AND WHITNEY MONUMENT AT LOWELL.

ON the 17th of June the city of Lowell, Massachusetts, in common with the highest authorities of the State and the nation, paid public honors to the memory of LUTHER C. LADD and ADDISON O. WHITNEY, the first martyrs of the great rebellion, by the dedication of a splendid monument over their remains.

In response to the President's call of April 15, 1861, for 75,000 three months' troops, the Sixth Massachusetts started from Lowell on the morning of the 16th, under the command of Colonel E. F. JONES. There were eight companies, one half of which were from Lowell, two from Lawrence, and one each from Groton and Acton. At Boston three additional companies joined them—one from Boston, another from Worcester, and a third from Stoneham. All along its route through New York and Philadelphia the regiment was received with the loudest acclamations. On the 19th of April it reached Baltimore. Passing through the city in horse-cars, the regiment was attacked by a furious mob. Leaving the cars, the soldiers attempted to march to the Washington dépôt on foot. But the fury of the mob only increased, and in some instances fire-arms were discharged, until at length the regiment was compelled to return the fire, killing and wounding a number of their assailants. In this encounter LADD and WHITNEY, of Lowell, and CHARLES A. TAYLOR, of Boston, were killed, and SUMNER H. NEEDHAM, of Lawrence, was mortally wounded.

These were the first lives lost in the war, no one having been killed in the attack on Fort Sumter the week before. It readily occurred to all that this melancholy event took place on the anniversary of the battle of Lexington, adding fresh interest to that memorial day.

On Monday, May 6, nearly three weeks after the affray, the bodies of WHITNEY and LADD reached Lowell, and their funeral was celebrated in Huntington Hall. A larger funeral cortége than had ever before been seen in Lowell followed the remains from the Hall to the Cemetery.

The manner in which these men were killed naturally awakens an interest in their previous life. WHITNEY was born in Waldo, Maine, October 30, 1839, and was scarcely twenty-two years of age at the time of his death. He had been in Lowell two years, in the employ of the Middlesex Company. LADD was born at Alexandria, New Hampshire, December 22, 1843, and was only seventeen years old when he died. With the exception of this brief record there is nothing noticeable in the career of these two heroes thus suddenly glorified by death for their country's sake. Both of them had a stainless moral reputation.

In 1863 the Massachusetts Legislature appropriated $2000 for the erection of a monument to LADD and WHITNEY, provided LOWELL would raise an equal sum. The monument was erected early in April of this year, in Merrimac Square—hereafter to be known as Monument Square—and arrangements were made for its dedication on the 19th of that month. The ceremony was postponed on account of the death of President LINCOLN.

The monument is of Concord granite. The plan is cruciform, measuring fifteen feet on the longer arms and twelve feet on the shorter. The whole height is twenty-seven feet and six inches. The prominent features of the design consist of a central shaft placed upon a plinth, and also of a high base, upon two sides of which, forming the longer arms, are two sarcophagi, having on each side, respectively, the names of the martyred soldiers, L. C. LADD and A. O. WHITNEY, and inserted in the ends are raised laurel wreaths.

The cornices of the sarcophagi are ornamented with thirteen raised stars. Upon the other two sides of the base, forming the shorter arms, are two plinths, the same height of the sarcophagi, with the inscriptions. On the Merrimac Street side are the words:

"ADDISON O. WHITNEY, born in Waldo, Me., Oct. 30, 1839; LUTHER C. LADD, born in Alexandria, N. H., Dec. 22, 1843; marched from Lowell in the 6th M. V. M., to the defense of the National Capital, and fell mortally wounded in the attack on their regiment while passing through Baltimore, April 19th, 1861. The Commonwealth of Massachusetts and the City of Lowell dedicate this monument to their memory.
"APRIL 19, 1865."

On the Moody Street side is the following:

"Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise or blame; nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.
"1861."

The horizontal are merged into the vertical lines by fluted trusses, with raised stars resting upon the four arms, and above these is a plinth with a moulded base and ornamented cornice, on two sides of which are bronze medallions of the coat of arms of the State of Massachusetts and of the city of Lowell. Upon this plinth is a shaft terminating with a pyramid, below which there are four stars, one on each side. The composition has a pleasing outline, and is highly creditable to the taste of the committee and the skill of the designers.

The dedicatory ceremonies were simple and ap-

DEDICATION OF THE MONUMENT IN MEMORY OF LADD AND WHITNEY, LOWELL, MASSACHUSETTS, JUNE 17, 1865.—[SKETCHED BY WILLIAM H. HARD.]

propriate. After the arrival of the procession at Monument Square Governor Andrew delivered an eloquent address, which thus concludes:

"Let this monument stand as long as the Merrimac runs from the mountains to the sea; while this busy stream of human life sweeps on by the banks of the river, bearing to eternity its freight of destiny and hope. It shall speak to your children, not of death, but of immortality. It shall stand here, a mute, expressive witness of the beauty and the dignity of youth and manly prime consecrated in unselfish obedience to duty. It shall testify that gratitude will remember, and praise will wait on the humblest, who, by the intrinsic greatness of their souls, or the worth of their offerings, have risen to the sublime peerage of virtue."

RUINS IN THE HEART OF CHARLESTON.

Our readers doubtless remember the ruinous fire which devastated Charleston in the month of December, 1861. The fire broke out in a sash factory at the foot of Hazel Street, and, under the impulse given it by a stiff breeze, did not cease until a considerable portion of the city from East Bay to King Street was destroyed. Among the prominent buildings burned were the South Carolina Institute, the Circular Church, the Catholic Cathedral, St. Andrew's Hall, and the Theatre.

The illustration which we engrave on page 428, taken from a photograph by Barnard, places the reader upon King Street, and gives him a view of the desolating effect of the conflagration. Standing here, he sees opposite him the Circular Church on Meeting Street. It is surrounded by a scaffold. It was the design of the Charlestonians to repair the injury done to the church. The attempt was made, but subsequently Gillmore's shells discouraged the citizens, and the work was given up. At the right of the church are the ruins of the South Carolina Institute, in which the Democratic Convention was held April 23, 1860. In the immediate vicinity of the Circular Church rest the remains of John C. Calhoun.

There is a tragic interest connected with the scene presented by the artist. The record which the City of Charleston has written for itself is infamous and terrible. It gave birth to a rebellion which was unnecessary and inhuman. But the destruction intended for others fell with an intolerable weight upon itself. Its commerce was destroyed. It was devastated by two conflagrations, the latter of which was kindled by the rebels on leaving the city. For nearly two full years its streets might not be walked without mortal peril. Its haughty citizens, impoverished and humbled, either fled from its precincts or skulked in cellars. And, after four years, the city which had suffered so much for its own folly was relieved from her burden, not by triumphant rebels, but by the final and complete victory of that Government which it had defied, and had hoped to destroy. Could any more effective punishment be measured out to traitors than this which they have brought upon themselves?

TRIAL OF THE CONSPIRATORS.

We give on page 429 an accurate and graphic picture of the Old Penitentiary at Washington in which the conspirators in the assassination are confined, and where they have been undergoing trial.

There are four rows of cells, which in the picture we give are disclosed to the eye of the reader. Every cell is numbered, and a sentinel guards the one occupied. In the second cell, numbering from the left, and on the third row from the street, Mrs. Surratt is confined, that cell being the nearest to the turning that leads to the court. Payne occupies the cell just below Mrs. Surratt's. Arnold's cell is on the ground-floor; Harold's is in the top tier. The other conspirators are confined in cells further back. No light can enter these places of confinement but what comes through the windows on the left of the wall.

The counsel for the defense have entered their pleas. Mr. Reverdy Johnson's protest against the jurisdiction of the court is a very able and elaborate document. Mr. Johnson does not enter into any special argument for the accused, leaving that to his associates.

Mr. F. Stone, counsel for Harold, claimed that no evidence had been offered that Harold had ever conspired with Booth and others in aid of the rebellion, though there was no doubt that he had aided in the escape of Booth. He had nothing to do with the murder. Booth's dying words were adduced in proof of Harold's innocence.

Mr. Cox claimed for Arnold and O'Laughlin that, although they may have listened to Booth's suggestions, they were guiltless of any connection with the murder. If they were in any way connected with the conspiracy to capture the President and other prominent officers, they had withdrawn so soon as more violent measures were entertained.

In regard to Spangler Mr. Ewing claimed that Booth's designs were not known to his client. All Spangler was to do was to hold Booth's horse, but he even failed to do that.

Mr. Doester's argument in behalf of Payne and Atzerott was sufficiently to the point. He admitted that Payne had attempted to murder Secretary Seward. He only claimed for him that he acted from his conviction of what was right. In behalf of Atzerott he produced a statement drawn up by the prisoner himself. In this statement Atzerott confesses that he was one of the party to capture the President, or any member of the Cabinet, or General Grant, or Vice-President Johnson. This plot failed; and the second, which contemplated murder, Atzerott had broken away from from its first disclosure.

Mr. Ewing, counsel for Dr. Mudd, after an examination of the evidence pronounced it to be insufficient to convict his client.

All the arguments for the accused having been read, Associate Judge-Advocate Bingham said that on Tuesday, June 27, he would be ready with so much of his summing up as touched the question of the jurisdiction of the court, and he hoped by the next day to deliver the conclusion of his argument.

IN LIBBY.

Alone, alone, how dark and drear
 Is life within this prison cell!
My cold, damp couch seems but a bier,
 My very voice a funeral knell
That sadly tolls amid my pains,
In mockery of these iron chains.

I hear the music of the bells
 Float out upon the summer's air—
Now like the sea their chorus swells,
 Now faintly as the breath of prayer—
Yet lingering still as if to bless
My heart within its loneliness.

The tide comes up from out the bay,
 The sails ride to and fro,
I stand and watch them all the day
 Out on the stream below;
But bending sail nor flowing sea
Brings one sweet word of joy to me.

For treason taints the soft South air,
 And orphans cry aloud for bread;
While Murder stalking every where,
 Laughs o'er its own unburied dead
Till Hell seems bursting all aflame,
And Freedom hides her face in shame.

Oh, strike again, ye marshaled hosts
 Who draw the sword for Liberty!
For now the hated tyrant boasts
 "This land shall bow to Slavery;"
And yonder where the blue cross waves
Goes up the shout, "Ye too are slaves!"

Let not the Past be all in vain,
 Nor pause to soothe thy widowed sorrow;
Thy heroes sleep upon the plain,
 And glory waits thee on the morrow;
For God will hold the Freeman's hand,
And guide thee well, my own proud land!

Libby Prison, Richmond, Va., *Jan.* 6, 1864.

AFTER THOSE SEVEN-THIRTIES.

A SIMPLE JOB.

Well, Sir, there *is* a certain amount of interest attaching to the commonest jobs in our line, as you say. But the detective system in this country ain't what it is in Old England: it's younger, you know. There is some smart fellows among us, though; not that *I'm* one of 'em. I'm modest, I am. But I'll tell you how I done up that Osdell job, if you care to hear it. I dare say it'll sound simple enough to you, Sir. It does to me.

Osdell's banking-house in the village of L——, in this State, was cracked some three months ago, and one thousand four hundred and twenty dollars in Seven-Thirties was carried off. Mr. Osdell sent to us for a detective, and I went down to L——. It was a simple enough state of things. A young fellow by the name of Lawrence Haight had left town immediately after the robbery, and inquiries at his boarding-house showed that he left without giving any notice of his intention. He had been idling around the village for some weeks, and the woman he boarded with said he had been pretty hard up for funds, but had told her he expected some money from his uncle; and the day after the robbery he had paid her up and left town. I called at the post-office and found that no letter had come for Haight; those country postmasters know every letter that passes through their hands, you see; and at the express-office the same tidings were rendered. Haight was no doubt the robber. I set out to find him.

The ticket agent and the baggage man at the little railroad dépôt were positive Haight had not left town that way. Nothing had been seen of him at the dépôt.

I went back to the village—half a mile or so off from the railroad it was; railroads don't turn out much for little places like that—and found that my man had probably thought to hide his trail a little by walking to the next station—about six miles away. I took a horse and rode over there. At the hotel where I took dinner I found that a man answering the description exactly had stopped there to supper the day after the robbery, registering his name as Barton Love. As soon as I saw that I knew the fellow must be a flat, for he couldn't have picked out a more suspicious name than that to travel on, could he? ha, ha! I've known *hate* to disguise itself as *love* often before that, you see; it's a common game enough!

Well, with that clew I just followed my man right over his ground. There wasn't a hotel he stopped at for the next week but had a dozen people in it who had noticed that young man with the queer name. So I followed him easy enough through the States of Connecticut, Massachusetts, and Vermont, back again into Northern New York, and across the St. Lawrence River into that mouldy old town of Kingston in Canada West. But there I lost sight of him. I visited every hotel in the place, high and low, and got many a trace of him here and there; but what way he went from there I found it impossible to learn. So after beating about the bush for a few days, I reluctantly gave up the search, and returned home, where I had other business to attend to at the time.

About two weeks ago I had a call to Chicago in the course of another job I was working up, and after attending to that affair it just occurred to me that I would take a look after the Osdell fellow. I set out then to search all the hotel registers in town, and I wasn't long in finding the name I wanted. The second house I visited—the Tremont—had the name of "Barton Love and lady" on the register. I talked with the clerk about it, and learned that my man had staid in the city over night, and had taken passage on one of the railroads running out of the Great Central dépôt. There are three roads that run out of that dépôt—the Illinois Central, the Michigan Central, and the Burlington and Quincy. So I was about in the fix of the man at three cross-roads, uncertain which of them leads to the place he wants to go to. In such a case as that, Sir, when there seems to be no kind of a choice in the matter, my rule is to always take the least likely route. Because, don't you see, a thief who had fears of being followed would do that very thing to throw his pursuers off the scent. Now of these three railroads, one was the very road I had reason to believe my man had come to Chicago over when he left Canada, and that was the Michigan Central road. So it being least likely that a man would come to Chicago and then go right back on the same road he come on, that was my route. Not much keen judgment to brag on about that, you'll say; and you're right, there wasn't. It was about like flipping up a copper and crying "Tails this way, heads that way."

I stopped at the first station I came to, on the Michigan Central road, and made inquiries for my man and woman. It's any quantity easier to follow a man and a woman together than either of 'em separate. I was two days going that way from town to town, talking with every man that would talk with me, not in a way to let 'em know my business, you see; I'm not such a fool as *that*, though I don't profess any particular smartness. I generally took occasion to mention the subject of the Seven-thirty loan, in the first place, thinking I might happen to hit on something that way; and from that leading up to any topic I smelt ahead that had any show of meat in it.

About dark of the second day I came to that little place they call— Well, blow me, Sir, if I ever *can* remember the name of that place when I want to. It's a God-forsaken little hole a few miles west of Kalamazoo, in the State of Michigan. It was raining like spouts when I got off the train, and the first place I headed for was a little liquor saloon a few rods from the place where the cars stopped—for the railroad dépôt was shut up. I ought to have mentioned, perhaps, that it was a freight train I came in on, which accounts for the dépôt being shut, you know. So I put my head down and cut through the rain and mud for the liquor saloon.

It was half full of loafers, drying themselves at a pot of a stove, where a fire of that dirty, smoky Western coal was burning.

"Nasty weather," says I to my nearest neighbor, as I pulled a stool under me by the stove.

"Yas," says he.

"Any hotel around here?" says I, for I hadn't seen any signs of one.

"Thar's one up to th' Square," says my neighbor.

"How far is it?"

"Oh, half a mile er so when it's good goin'. Must be nigh on to a mile to-night, I'd say. Awful muddy. Sticks ye right in. Cale Smith left 'is butes in th' mud this art'noon. This 'ere rain'll make it wuss 'n 'twas. Whar d'ye com frum?"

"I'm down from Chicago," says I. "Why don't this saloon-keeper take lodgers? He's got a big enough building, I should say."

"Yas, he hes. But he hain't got no furnitur' yit. He's a goin' ter hev."

"New hand?" says I. I'm a telling you this conversation, Sir, only to show you how I led along when I commenced; since you asked it, you know; there don't seem to be much sense in a talk of this kind though, I'll admit.

"Yas," says my neighbor, "he's jest bought. Love was agoin' ter fix up an' put in beds, but he got sick on't sudden, an' sold out to this man—name's Harris. I don't know much about him. You're a stranger then?"

"Rather. And so Love sold out, did he? What's *he* gone at?"

"Who, Love? Oh, I don' know. He didn't b'long here. He's left ag'in."

"Ah!" says I, thinking there never *was* such a dodger as this fellow any how. Every time I got my finger on him he "wasn't thar," as the man said of the flea, you know.

"Love had a young wife," the man went on, "kind of a 'stylish creature'—dressed high, you know—loud colors, green and red and yaller. I expeck she didn't fancy the saloon business. I expeck that's what made Love clear out so sudden. Ever been in these parts afore?"

"No, I never have," said I. "Come up and drink."

"Wa'al, I don't mind 'f I do."

"Why, Harris!" says I, as I came up to the bar, "is this you?" and I stretched out my hand cordially.

"Wa'al now," says Harris, shaking my hand slowly up and down, "I know your *face* just as well's my brother, but I can't call ye by name."

"Hain't forgot Jo Smith, have ye?" says I.

"Oh—certainly—you used to be up to Kalamazoo."

"Of course. Thought you'd recollect me. Well, friend, what's yours?"

I never saw this Harris before in my life, Sir, but men in his business don't stickle much about accepting an old acquaintance; 'tain't to be supposed a toddy-mixer will remember his customers as *they* remember *him*, you know; so I was all right with Harris in no time.

"Been buying something new, eh?" says I, by way of opening a conversation. "Good thing?"

"Yas, I *made* a good think on't," says he.

"How's that?"

"Wa'al, tell ye! I bought this place of old Meggs two weeks ago for $400, and the very next day, afore I took possession, this feller Love came along, and seein' the old bill 'For Sale' still up, for I'd forgot to take it down, he come in to buy it, an' I bein' here I sold it to him right off the handle, and he paid me $650 on the nail, all in Seven-Thirties."

"That's good money."

"Yes. He had plenty of 'em, too. But he got tired of it right along, and I bought the place back of him for $300. Made $350 clean. That'll do, eh? Ha, ha! Have a drink, Jo?"

When he spoke about those Seven-Thirties I felt a little surer of my man than ever before—for it was still further evidence that he was really the thief.

Well, Harris didn't know where Love had gone to, further than that he took the road for Chemunk, a place about forty miles back in the country, on the shore of Lake Michigan; and there were half-a-dozen villages along the route. So the next morning I hired a horse and buggy to go to Chemunk and back, and started off. I stopped in all those villages along the way, but got no sight of him. I reached Chemunk on a Saturday, and as it was a mighty pleasant little place on the lake shore, I took a notion to stay over Sunday, and go to church.

I saw my man at that church, Sir, with his wife, looking as demure as you please, though the woman had every appearance of being a bad character, and I thought she looked very much out of place there. Of course I wouldn't arrest him on Sunday, and there was no use now, for he was safe enough.

I had no trouble in taking him the next day. The woman carried on high, but I told her it was no use. I took him in my buggy and started on my way home. His wife insisted on going too, but I told her she couldn't go in my buggy; if she wanted to follow me in another buggy she could do that, but I'd have to have a constable to drive it for her, for fear of accidents. She agreed, and she followed me all the way back to that village that I can't remember the name of, and took the same train with us—that is me and my man.

She was ten years older than he was, I should say, and she was very devoted to him. She waited on him like a servant, and was continually doing something for him—buying him oranges and things, slipping her handkerchiefs under his darbies to ease his wrists, and so on.

The young man denied the bank robbery up and down, and told a very neat story to clear it up. He said his *real* name was Love, and that he took the name of Haight as a disguise while he was hiding from his father in L——. He had run away from his father, who lived in New York City, out of love for the woman that was with him. He said she was a married woman, but was suing for a divorce at the time he was boarding in L——, and he was waiting for the result of the trial. She lived with her parents on a farm half-way between L—— and the next station, and he used to go to see her evenings—meeting her in the road by her father's house. After she got the divorce she came into her money, and that was where he got his money to pay his board and his traveling expenses. Her folks were respectable old people, and he and his lady-love arranged between 'em to save scandal by his going off alone and traveling about for a week or two, and at the end of that time they met in Toronto and were married. Then they came on West, and finally had settled down at Chemunk. All they wanted was a home by themselves, they cared not how humble, where they could live and love in peace, away from all their old acquaintances.

A very nice yarn, wasn't it?

Very well got up it was, Sir, and that's a fact—very well got up. But the best of it was, that it was all true from beginning to end, as I found when I got to L—— with my prisoner last Wednesday night.

The real burglar had been caught that very day, and had confessed his crime. So the first thing I had to do was to take off young Love's hand-cuffs and ask him what he wanted of me in the way of satisfaction. He and his wife were overjoyed at the new turn of affairs; and as it was night when we got in, all they asked of me was liberty to leave town by the midnight train west, and a promise that I would not tell the L—— people who they really were. The woman had acquaintances in L——.

So that was the way I worked *that* job up. Simple, eh? That was just what ailed it. If the thing hadn't been so perfectly plain and simple every way, it wouldn't have led me so far astray, you see.

LOUIS DELMAR'S WOE.

I.

I am Louis Delmar, who came to America first in the year 1855. This is ten years since.

I have traveled much in the world before coming to this country. In France, Spain, Italy. I have seen Turkey, with its Constantinople. I have seen African cities—Algiers, Tunis, Tripoli, others—and have fought wild animals in the jungles. It was in Africa I lost my left arm.

After that—shall I confess it?—I lost also my taste for wild adventure. I wished only for the refinements of life in civilized lands in the future. I was, however, in this condition—penniless.

I was bred to affluence. In Paris. However, my father was too fond of his own opinion—you comprehend?—he lost all. Soon after he died.

I traveled in those countries of which I have spoken in the condition of a wandering beggar. Always afoot. But that I preferred. It is the only true manner in which to travel.

I had a companion, as poor as I, and as much a gentleman. We had strange vicissitudes. There were ups and downs for us. Sometimes an abundance of money, sometimes empty pockets. But we adhered to each other because our tastes were alike.

When in Turkey Alphonse served a whole three months in the capacity of secretary to an officer of the Sultan he shared all with me. But when in Africa I lost my arm in the jungle—ah, Alphonse was very kind!—but we were no longer brothers. His taste for the wild life of adventure in the interior was now whetted. Mine was quenched. We parted.

I returned to France. Still I entertained a fond desire to see that great nation, the United States of America. I came to this country but as a traveler then. But I have since remained. America has become my home, which I shall not again leave till I die. Here I have been happy. Here, too, I have suffered, as you will learn.

It was my extreme good fortune to form the acquaintance of Henry Clare on board the steamer in which I came to this country. One day he observed me, a stranger, and addressed me:

"How does it happen, Sir," said he, "that you are a steerage passenger?"

"I choose it," said I.

"I mean no offense," was his reply; "but I perceive you are a gentleman. As for me, I am a Yankee, and Yankees are proverbially inquisitive. You seem misplaced."

However, I do not propose to continue an account of our conversation. It is quite enough to know that from it arose my acquaintance with Henry Clare, which was long continued—until his death, in fact.

In that State of Massachusetts where my dear friend resided I became, through his efforts, Professor of Modern Languages in a collegiate school for young ladies.

There my soul became filled with love for Madeline Bates. I was still a young man. I had never loved. Ah, how beautiful I thought her!

But with me honor is every thing. In my position it were impossible that I should tell Madeline of my love. Even my eyes must not do it. It was difficult, but I was determined. She was always very kind to me, which made it still harder to treat her *de sang froid*.

When I had now been for two years her teacher one June day she graduated and went home. I was proud of her. She spoke her French, her Spanish, and her Italian purely and with every grace. None deemed it strange that I hovered near her noticeably on the day preceding her departure from me, as I thought forever; that I devoured her now with my eyes. It was, they thought, the teacher's just pride and admiration of his talented pupil, whose accomplishments did him honor. Ah me! I could have fallen on my knees before her, imploring her not to take the light of her presence forever out of my life. I was in despair. No one knew it.

She departed. My duties were now distasteful to me. I declined a renewal of my engagement. The old roving disposition was upon me.

"What!" I cried; "and have I been in this land so long, and beheld only the little portion of it where I have lived! What a country is this! I will see its 'Great West' and its 'Sunny South.' I will learn more of this wonderful land."

And Madeline? No. It was not her I sought. To prove it I directed my steps at once toward Virginia, where I well knew her home to be.

In Petersburg, a few weeks later, I was walking in the street when a beautiful face with bright golden curls leaned from a carriage and addressed me:

"Monsieur! a la bonne heure!"

It was Madeline. I approached to the side of the carriage and grasped the gloved hand extended me. I wished to press it to my heart.

"Father," said the lady, turning to the gentleman at her side, "it is M. Delmar."

"Glad to see you, Sir," said Mr. Bates, pressing my hand cordially. "You must ride with us."

I hesitated.

"Come!" said Madeline.

I obeyed. Mr. Bates insisted that I should occupy his seat, while he himself sat opposite.

Thus I found her whom I loved, no longer in the capacity of a pupil, seated by my side, chatting delightedly as we rolled through the shaded avenues.

They compelled me to become their guest. Mr. Bates was a widower, and a gentleman of much leisure. His estate was situated at a short distance from the city. He was a true Southern gentleman. I became deeply attached to him. He was as kind to me as if I had been his own son. He prevailed on me to discontinue my wanderings, and to remain with him, sharing in the delights of his home—his companion and friend in all his recreations. Madeline, too, was seldom out of my society.

To gratify them both I related my many adventures in foreign lands. It is quite true (I may say it frankly, since I confess myself now changed) that I had been very brave, even rash, in those past days of adventure. Even now, as I told these stories, my blood would bound, and the old wild joyousness would glow in my breast. I related my adventures with peculiar relish. Madeline listened. Her deep blue eyes glowed with feeling as I spoke of peril braved and danger escaped; her face shone with fond expression.

You are reminded of Desdemona, no doubt. But, in justice to Madeline, I must say that I was no swarthy Moor; on the contrary, a young man, but four years her senior, with blazing black eyes, dark curling hair and mustache, and the manners more of a gentleman and a scholar than of a wild adventurer in barbarous lands. Besides, I had loved Madeline long and devotedly, and only in silence from a sense of honor. It was now different. Now I wooed her with my eyes; afterward with my voice. It was one soft July night when Mr. Bates placed his daughter's hand in mine and we were betrothed.

We were soon after married. The father accompanied us on our wedding tour. Our home became the old plantation; and there, a year later, Mr. Bates died. He had lived only long enough to take our infant daughter Clara once in his arms.

After our father's death his affairs were found to be in hopeless confusion. I saved from the wreck a small remnant only of the estate. With this we bought a little cottage close to the city, among a wilderness of green leaves, and here established our home.

We were happy. My home was my little heaven. My wife was inexpressibly dear to me. Little Clara became a flaxen-haired angel, who won our hearts to her. When she was three years old our little Louis was born. Welcome, black-eyed boy! Our circle was now complete.

I opened a small store in the city. Here I passed a portion of each day. I had much leisure, which I employed in reading—chiefly the American poets and romancers. To amuse my wife I sometimes wrote a little poem or tale. I acquired a good command of the language of my adopted country. You may perceive that I am not incorrect in its use, beyond an occasional lapse into the modes of expression peculiar to my French birth and rearing. My business rewards were sufficient to insure the presence of comfort in my home, and beyond this I had no ambition. Outside of my home there was nothing in the world for me. I thanked God for the rest and peace that had fallen on my life. I lived for my Madeline and for my children.

To my neighbor St. John and my neighbor Howard it seemed almost incredible that this quiet, scholarly, domestic Mr. Delmar, who came and went to and from his store, morning and evening, so regularly, so much in a commonplace manner, should have been the hero of thrilling adventure in African jungles, should have had his arm torn from the shoulder by an enraged lion, should have tramped over many countries jovially independent of danger or discomfort! Yet it was so. Doubtless I had turned out all the adventuresome fire in my breast; for now I was the simplest, most quiet of men, and I was happy.

Contentment is happiness. It is true. And I was content.

Time passed on. There was one evening when I sat in the twilight on a seat in the porch of my little cottage home. It differed none from other like evenings in any thing save that which causes me to remember it. It is the last kiss of love which lingers forever on the lips.

Ah, how beautiful is that picture now in the memory of Louis Delmar!

In imagination I now stand at my own gate a stranger, and look upon the scene. It is a long graveled path that leads through a riotous luxuriance of bloom and fragrance from the gate to the door of the little house—the little house that is almost hidden in its garniture of green leaves and white blossoms. The vines stray out of a bank of rose-bushes up the sides of the house. They curtain the windows. They embrace the porch in their loving arms, and droop their bright leaves through the lattice thickly. They climb to the roof and wander all over it, going down the other slope out of sight luxuriantly. There sits Louis Delmar beneath the swaying, floating canopy of green. On either knee he holds a darling. This is Clara, with the long flaxen curls and azure eyes. This is little Louis on the other knee, with thick, clustering brown hair and his father's black eyes. Madeline Delmar, his wife, sits opposite, clad all in white like an angel, her little hands crossed peacefully upon her lap. The father sings an old French chansonnette to his children, and the gentle mother looks smilingly on. Now she comes to her husband's side and quietly rests her arm about his neck, or smooths the curls off from his brow. The air breathes balm and peace. Oh, happy, happy scene! I, the stranger leaning over the gate, could almost find it in my heart to envy Louis Delmar his little heaven.

That was the last time, nevertheless, on which the stranger could have so leaned, so listened, so observed. That night the beautiful picture was rolled up and put away into oblivion for evermore. Yes. My happy life was over.

I had looked with sincere horror on this fratricidal contest from the first moment that I had discovered its existence. I was not by birth an American, it is true. Also the instinct of patriotism had doubtless been injured or dulled in my breast by the life I had led from such an early age in many lands. Add that my personal love for America was not, perhaps, remarkable. Still, when I viewed the act of the Southern Americans in assailing the flag for which their ancestors fought and bled, I confess I was astonished, I was horrified. Here was no oppression to resist, no tyranny to combat. All was brightness and prosperity in the land. I had no sympathy with the rebels. I did not endeavor to hide this from my neighbors.

II.

"YER wanted!"

It was a young man in the rebel uniform, who, before breakfast next day, called at my house with a squad of soldiers in the suit of gray.

"Fall in!"

I looked with some astonishment at him. Could it be that the rebellion needed one-armed men to fight in its battles?

"Fall in!"

Madeline stood at my side, holding my one hand tightly in both her own, and looking with frightened eyes upon the rebel officer.

"Yer reputation's bad, old boy," said he, as if uneasy beneath Madeline's gaze. "I've got orders t' shoot yer if yer 'btreperous. That's all I know about it."

Madeline released my hand, and placing her palm gently on my shoulder, spoke in French.

"Go, my husband! It can not be that they want you to fight."

"No doubt," I replied, "it is my sentiments which are obnoxious. To escape imprisonment, Madeline, it will be required of me to renounce them."

"Yes. If you were also a rebel you would be unmolested."

"If I am found to be such, I shall return to you. It is a great temptation!"

Madeline bent upon me a gaze of such mingled distress and devotion that I was thrilled.

"Shall I yield?" I whispered, with indescribable feelings. Our conversation was still in French.

"Louis!" said my beautiful wife, with a gaze of unutterable love, "il faut que vous m'aimez bien peu, pour vous défier ainsi de moi!"

"No, my Madeline," I cried, touched by these words, "I do *not* distrust you. This is indeed love's holiness. Farewell."

Thus we parted. Surrounded by the guard of soldiers I walked away, with the kisses of my wife and little ones yet warm upon my lips.

I found that I had been mistaken. It was true that I was wanted for the army. Not to fight, of course. I was informed that I could be made useful otherwise than in carrying a gun, thus relieving those soldiers who were capable of that service. I was forced to proceed to join the rebel army of Lee.

Who shall paint my grief as I thought of my wife and helpless little ones? What would become of them? I had been taken away without a moment's warning. No time was allowed me in which to attend to my little business in town. Known to be an enemy of the Confederate tyranny, I was allowed no freedom, lest I should escape. What Madeline would do; to what indignities she would doubtless be put; how she would suffer, poor mother; the most appalling pictures presented themselves to my mind till I was frantic.

At first I determined that I would return to her at all hazards. I discovered that many of my comrades were animated by a similar purpose. Several attempted to escape. They were shot.

This deterred me. I should be shot also, and how would my dear ones profit by my death? That was far more horrible than endurance. Afterward I thought, even if I was enabled to reach them, what could I do for them? They would thus become sharers in still more relentless persecution.

My countrymen (the French) are a theatrical people. You remember this, no doubt. Every impulse of my French nature impelled me to perform the act of desertion and die poetically for honor and for love. I know not how it is, but I seem to have inbreathed something of the Yankee common-sense since my arrival in America. I looked at this matter with a practical eye.

I remained. During the three months which ensued no less than thirty men of my regiment were shot while endeavoring to escape.

In my French character I might have died with grief at this time. To brood over woe is to welcome death. *Cui bono?* It helps no one.

I struggled to forget. Labor is the antidote of sorrow. My duties were menial, but any thing were preferable to idleness. Fortunately, after the first battle in which my regiment was engaged, it was accidentally discovered that I possessed surgical skill in some degree. I could dress a wound. Hence, I was detailed for duty among the injured after battles.

Need I say that my efforts were given quite as willingly to the wounded prisoners as to our own men? Little enough was the care they received, except from me. I could thrill you with horrors I have witnessed inflicted upon the Yankee wounded. What I could do I did. But one drop is little in an ocean. A thousand men like Louis Delmar could do but miserably little. Besides, I was often prevented. I was forced to act with caution lest my liberty to act at all should be taken away. But I have quivered with suppressed indignation when I have seen such things, for instance, as this: a rebel surgeon slap the bloody jaws of a dying soldier who cried, "God bless the old flag!"

One day I discovered among the wounded prisoners brought in the form of one who wore the uniform of a Massachusetts captain. He was shot in the forehead. The brain oozed from the wound. He was now already dead. It was Henry Clare.

One Dr. Lovell, a beardless youth who acted in the capacity of a surgeon, and whom I had long hated for many acts of brutality, spurned the dead body of my friend with his accursed foot. I struck him to my feet in a thrill of passion at the monstrous outrage. For this I was confined in the guard-house. While there I received a letter from my wife.

I am one who reads in a letter the *tone* as well as the words. This letter from Madeline contained no ill news. It seemed to struggle to cheer me. But there was a tone beneath the mere words which chilled me through and through. It was ghastly, horrible. My flesh crept at it. Oh, how I longed to go to her!

No. I must wait. But I wrote, begging her to explain all to me. I never again heard from her.

The days rolled on. I know not how to describe my feelings. Understand them when I tell you that at last I could bear no longer. My calmness left me. I endeavored to escape, and was shot in my right hip. Thus I was disabled, but not killed.

"Damn you," said the beardless Dr. Lovell, "it's a heap better than you deserve."

Conceive from this the nature of the medical attendance I received. Thanks, however, to my own acquaintance with the nature of the wound, and to the vigorous constitution which I possessed, I did not die. I am lamed for life, notwithstanding.

With the surrender of Lee to the noble General Grant I at last became free, like the rest of my comrades. For this I thanked God. But I was now a wreck of the former Louis Delmar.

Behold me on my weary homeward march, heart-sick; for I had only gloomy forebodings with regard to my family. I knew not why. In my threadbare suit of rebel gray; with a rusty knapsack, containing little; a thin, worn blanket over my shoulder; grasping a stick I had cut from a tree; thus I limped along the red clay road, gazing ever onward, toward home. Toward home.

I, the stranger leaning over the gate of that home, in the soft twilight, "years, years, years ago" (was it not?), could have envied Louis Delmar. Who would envy Louis Delmar now? As he drew nigh, with fainting steps, to the loved spot. As he paused at the old grave-yard on the hill, just beyond the city, and looked down upon the scene. As he searched with hungry eyes along the tree-skirted road for the cottage in which he had left his Madeline, Clara, and little Louis.

Where was it?

It should be yonder, opposite the peach orchard. I hastened there, with bated breath and trembling fears. My heart stood still, and my face blanched as I looked upon the ruins of my home. The charred and blackened beams lay in a confused mass, over which the old vines wandered lovingly still, but as if lost and saddened. Weeds and rank grass grew every where, choking the flowers to death with riotous arrogance.

I sank helpless.

III.

IT was twilight now when I raised my head and looked about me with haggard eyes. I noted that the grass was very luxuriant and green. I observed that the peach-trees gave token of but a light yield of fruit this year. Neighbor St. John's corn was growing well. I took notice of things like these for the first time in three years, like one who dreams.

Then I remembered my woe. My face fell forward upon my palms, and I sobbed like a little child.

While thus engaged, careless of all about me, I felt a small hand laid upon my bowed head.

I looked up, and beheld a flaxen-haired little girl, slender, hollow-eyed, with sunken cheeks and bony hands, who looked into my face with sad blue eyes, and said,

"Man, don't cry."

"My child! Clara!" I exclaimed, and fell on my knees before her. I clasped her to my breast, I covered her face with my kisses. She knew me. How my heart thrilled as my daughter passed her little white arm about my neck, and gazed upon me with unspeakable sadness!

Ah! I thought I should tell you of all that followed; but I can not, I can not. My heart breaks with its load.

My wife had gone, no one knew whither. She was believed to have become insane. Little Clara had remained at the house of my neighbor Howard. But now starvation was at the door. Mr. Howard had been killed in the war. The negroes—there had been but four—had been sold long ago. Mrs. Howard with her two daughters contemplated going North, for what should they eat?

And my little Louis? In the old grave-yard on the hill, where the crumbling and mouldy grave-stones bend in every direction. My boy's dust is there.

Thus has this sum of crimes done for *me*. I am but one. There are some who have suffered more than I. This is but *my* story. Is it nothing? Will my adopted country forgive those whose selfish ambition is responsible even for Louis Delmar's woe?

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A SPANIARD and a German held debate over the relative smartness of the different nations of the world. "I," said the Spaniard, "can take an egg from under a sitting bird without disturbing her." "Do that," said the German, "and I will let you see what I can do." So they went into the wood and searched till they had found a tree with a bird's-nest near the top of it. The Spaniard took off his sword, and belt, and spurs, his rustling silk mantle, and his cap and plumes, laid them at the foot of the tree, and began noiselessly to mount. While he was intent on getting at the nest the German walked off with the Spaniard's arms and cap, and cloak and feathers. It was decreed, therefore, that the German was the smarter fellow.

A Methodist and a Quaker having stopped at a public house, agreed to sleep in the same bed. The Methodist knelt down, prayed fervently, and confessed a long catalogue of sins. After he rose the Quaker observed, "Really, friend, if thou art as bad as thou sayest thou art, I think I dare not sleep with thee."

EXTREMELY POLITE.—A young widow of very polite address, whose husband had lately died, was visited soon after by the minister of the parish, who inquired, as usual, about her husband's health, when she replied, with a peculiar smile, "He's dead, I thank you."

Why is a marriage-certificate like an article the public could not do without?—Because it's a *noose-paper*.

A KIND OF ANGLING THAT DOESN'T ALWAYS TAKE—Fishing for compliments.

Two men, both cowards, met in a narrow way, neither disposed to turn out of the road. "Give me the road," said one, in braggart voice, "or, if you don't, I'll do for you what I did for the man who refused it to me yesterday." The other scrambled aside in terror, and when he of the braggart voice had gone by, asked him, timidly, "What did you do, Sir, to the man who refused you the road yesterday, and would not get out of your way?" "Why," said the other, "I let him keep the road, and got out of *his* way."

A blind alley could not be called a desirable site for a house.

A contemporary says, "The first printers were Titans." We never knew that before, but we have seen a good many "tight 'uns" within our experience.

We frequently hear of our generals capturing "pieces of artillery." "What's the use of capturing *pieces*?" says Mrs. Partington: "why not capture whole ones?"

What is cabbage?—A plant popular among tailors with large families.

When may a man be said to swallow cause and effect?—When he drinks gin and—bitters.

A husband can readily foot the bills of a wife who is not afraid to be seen footing his stockings.

APPREHENSIVE.—A person who lived in constant fear of the bailiffs having absconded, one of his acquaintances was asked what was the reason of his absence; to which he replied, "Why, Sir, I apprehend he was apprehensive of being apprehended."

Dean Swift, when dining at a corporation dinner at Leicester, was rather severe upon a poor, sleek, quiet alderman. In the course of the dinner he was helped to the wing of a duck, and immediately called for mustard. "Doctor," said the alderman, in perfect innocence of heart, "you eat duck like a goose."

A certain abbot was asked why, in the hearing of causes, he always continued to make difficulties, though he was so often wrong. "Why," he said, "I am like the boys who can not pass a walnut-tree without throwing stones into it, in hope that nuts may fall."

INSURANCE.—The following toast was recently pronounced at a fireman's dinner, and was received with great applause: "The ladies—their eyes kindle the only flame against which there is no insurance."

A placard in the window of a patent medicine vendor, in the Rue St. Honoré, Paris, reads as follows: "The public are requested not to mistake this shop for that of another quack just opposite."

THE SCENTER OF ATTRACTION—Rimmel's vaporizer.

"THE PECULIAR FAMILY"—The Bonapartes.

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

If a bear was to go into a draper's shop, what would he require?
Muslin (muzzling).

When you stole my first,
I lost my second;
May you ever possess my whole?

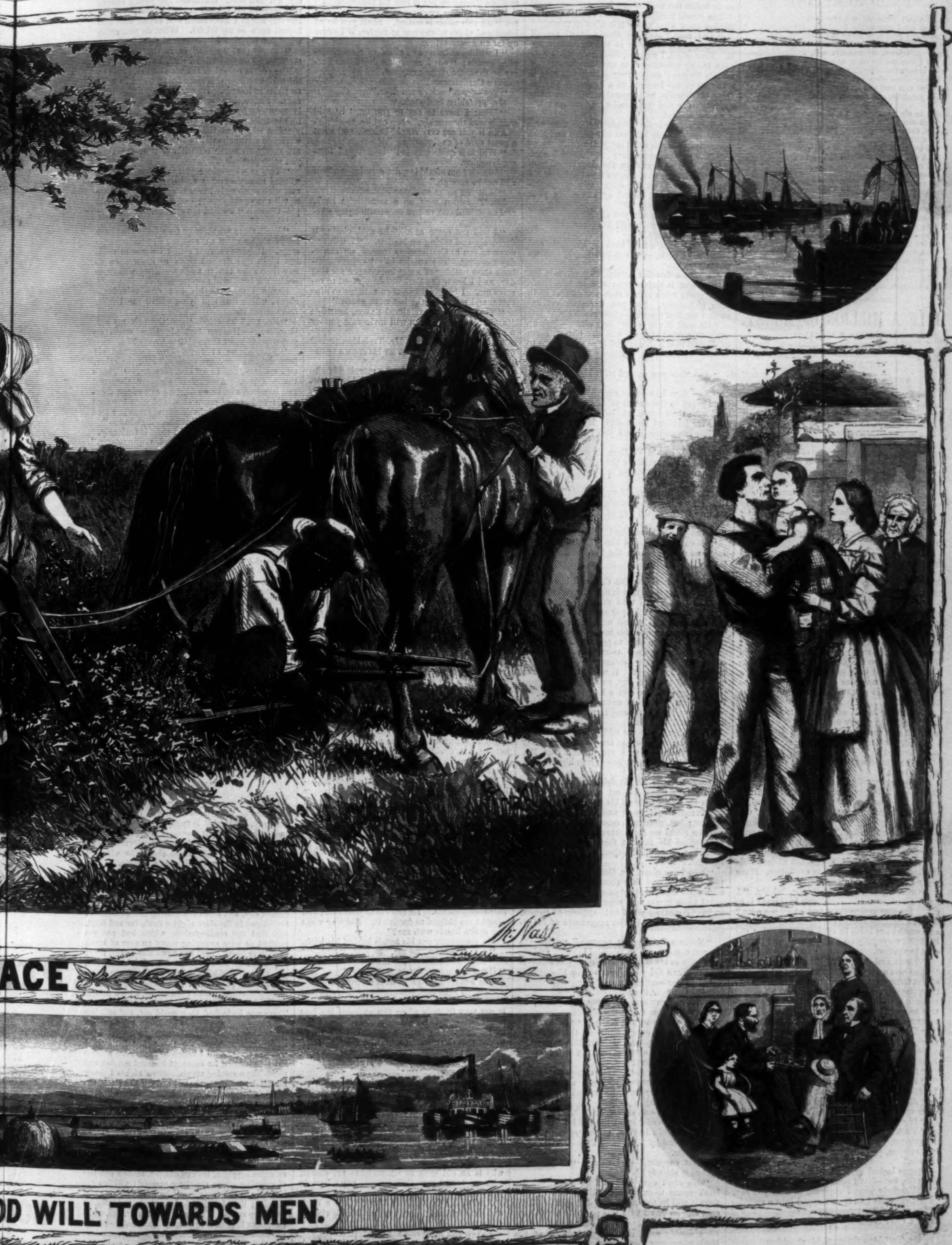
Heart's-ease.

Why is the tread-mill like a true convert?
Because its turning is the result of conviction.

You eat it, you drink it, deny who can;
It is sometimes a woman, and sometimes a man?
A toast.

Which is the most wonderful animal in a farm-yard?
A pig, because he is killed first and cured afterward.

THE FOURTH OF JULY, EIGHTEEN H



EEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIVE.

I SAID TO MY LOVE.

I said to my love—my own true love,
  What can I give to thee?
Ermine and purple, or silver and gold
  Or jewels the brightest that be?
I will not a jewel, my true love said,
  And I sigh not for silver or gold;
What thoughts can they give, or what joys can they bring,
  To the bosom when weary and old?
Give me that that will *cling* to the heart
When sunshine, and summer, and brightness depart.

I said to my love—my own true love,
  What can I give to thee?
A bird that will sing thee at eve to rest,
  Or a flower from the fairest tree?
I will not a flower, my true love said,
  That will wither, and fade, and die;
I will not a little captive thing,
  Whose only thought is to fly.
Give me that that will *cleave* to the heart
When sunshine, and summer, and brightness depart.

I said to my love—my own true love,
  What can I give to thee?
A song my heart uttered long years ago,
  When our feet kissed the daisied lea?
Ay, give me a song, my true love said,
  With a sweet and a musical rhyme,
That will ebb and flow, like the sounding sea,
  Through the measureless age of time—
A song that will live and be *found* in the heart
When sunshine, and summer, and brightness depart.

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS,

Author of "Barbara's History," &c.

CHAPTER XX.

THREE AND A HALF PER CENT.

Mr. Keckwitch banished, and the coffee cups pushed aside, William Trefalden uttered a little preliminary cough, and said:

"Now, Saxon, to business."

Saxon was all attention.

"In the first place," he began, "you have a large fortune, consisting entirely of ready money; and it is highly important that so weighty a sum should be advantageously placed. Indeed, I should be neglecting my duty if I suffered your capital to lie idle one day longer than is absolutely unavoidable. It has already lain comparatively idle for more than three weeks, but during the whole of that time I have not ceased to make inquiry in every quarter where inquiry was likely to lead to any thing useful."

"I'm sure it's very kind of you," murmured Saxon, vaguely.

"The great difficulty," continued Mr. Trefalden, "is the largeness of the sum. It is easy enough to dispose advantageously of fifty, or a hundred, or even of five hundred thousand pounds; but nobody either wants to borrow, or could give security, for such a sum as four millions. Not that I should wish to see your all placed upon a single venture. Far from it. I would not advise such a step, though the Russian Government were the borrower. But neither do I wish to spread your property over too large a surface. It is a course attended with great inconvenience and great expense. Do you quite follow me?"

"Not in the least," said Saxon, to whom the language of the money market was about as intelligible as a cuneiform inscription.

"Well, you understand that your money ought to be invested?"

"I thought it was invested. It's in Drummond's bank."

"It is temporarily deposited in Drummond's bank; but it brings you a merely nominal interest; if, however, it were well invested, it would bring you an ample annual income, and then you would spend your income, but leave your capital untouched."

"Should I, indeed?" said Saxon, struggling to conceal a yawn. That is very curious."

"Not curious at all, if one but understands the first principles of the law of exchange. Have you no idea of what interest is?"

"Oh dear, yes," replied Saxon, briskly, "I know all about that. Greatorex explained it to me. Interest means three and a half per cent."

Mr. Trefalden shifted the position of his chair, and turned the lamp in such a manner that the light fell more fully on Saxon's face, and left his own in shadow.

"Three and a half per cent!" he repeated. "That was a very limited statement on the part of Mr. Greatorex. Interest may mean any thing, from one per cent. up to a hundred, or a hundred thousand. He can not have offered that assertion as an explanation of general facts. Do you remember the conversation that led to it?"

"Not clearly; but he was talking very much as you have just been talking, and he said they would give me three and a half per cent. at their bank if I liked to put my money in it."

"Humph! and your reply?"

"I said you managed every thing of that sort for me, and that I would ask you to see to it."

"Meaning that you would ask me to transfer your money from Drummond's to Greatorex's?"

"If you please."

"Then I certainly do not please; and as long as you continue to attach the slightest value to my opinion, you will not place a penny in their hands."

Saxon looked aghast.

"Oh, but—but I promised," said he.

"Precisely what I expected to hear you say. I felt sure you had been trapped into a promise of some kind."

"I can't break my word," said Saxon, resolutely.

Mr. Trefalden shrugged his shoulders.

"I can't let you ruin yourself," he replied. Greatorex & Greatorex are on the verge of bankruptcy; and I have private information which leads me to believe they must stop payment before the week is out."

The young man stared at him in silence. He neither knew what to say nor what to think.

"And now," said his cousin, "tell me all that took place as nearly as you can remember it. First of all, I suppose, Mr. Lawrence Greatorex kindly volunteered to explain the interest system to you; and having shown you how it was part of the business of a banker to pay interest on deposits, he proposed to take your money, and allow you three and a half per cent.?"

Saxon nodded.

"You referred the proposition to me; and Mr. Greatorex was not best pleased to find that you relied so much upon my judgment."

"How do you know that?" exclaimed Saxon.

"He then enlarged on the dangers of high interest, and the troublesome nature of land security; pointed out the advantages of the deposit system; and ended by extracting your promise for—how much?"

"Who *can* have told you all this?"

"Tell me first whether I am correct?"

"Word for word."

Mr. Trefalden leaned back in his chair and laughed—a little, soft, satisfied laugh, like an audible smile.

"I have a familiar demon, Saxon," said he. "His name is Experience; and he tells me a great many more things than are dreamt of in your philosophy. But you have not yet answered my first question—how much?"

"He said it was a very bad plan to lock up one's money—'lock up' was the phrase, I am sure—and that I should find it so convenient to be able to draw out whenever I chose. And then—"

"And then you agreed with him, of course. Go on."

"And then he said he supposed I would not mind going to the extent of five hundred thousand with their house, and—"

"Five hundred thousand! Had he the incredible impudence to ask you for five hundred thousand?"

"Indeed, cousin William, it seemed to me, from the way in which he put it, that Mr. Greatorex had only my interest in view."

"How probable!"

"He said that it could make no difference to them; and that one person's thousands were no more to them, in the way of business, than another's."

"And you believed him?"

"Of course I believed him."

"And promised him the five hundred thousand?"

"Yes."

"Then it is a promise that will have to be broken, young man, that is all. Nay, don't look so unhappy. I will take all the burden from your shoulders. A lawyer can do these things easily enough and offend no one. Besides, no man is bound to fling his money away with his eyes open. If you were to pay in that five hundred thousand pounds to-morrow morning it would all be in the pockets of Sir Samuel's creditors before night. It would help the firm to stave off the evil day, and you would most likely get your three and a half per cent.; but I *know* that you would never see one farthing of the principal again—and Lawrence Greatorex knows that I know it."

"But—but I have not told you quite all yet," stammered Saxon, whose face had been getting graver and graver with every word that Mr. Trefalden uttered. "I have given him a check for half."

It was well for Mr. Trefalden that the shade fell on him where he sat and concealed the storm that swept across his features at this announcement. It came and went like a swift shadow; but, practiced master of himself as he was, he could no more have controlled the expression of his face at that moment than he could have controlled a thunder-cloud up in the heavens.

"You have given Mr. Greatorex a check for two hundred and fifty thousand pounds?" he said, after a momentary pause.

"I know it was very wrong—I know I ought to have consulted you first!" exclaimed Saxon, quite overwhelmed by the magnitude of his error.

"Never mind that at present," replied the lawyer, coldly. "The mischief is done, and we have only to try if any of the money is recoverable. When did you give it to him?"

"Just now—after dinner."

"To-day? After three o'clock?"

"Not an hour ago. We met at the club; he asked me to dine with him—"

"And when you told him you were to see me this evening he got you to sign the check out of hand!" interposed Mr. Trefalden, eagerly. "Clever—very clever; but not quite clever enough, for all that!"

Saying which, the lawyer seized paper and pen, and began writing rapidly. Having scribbled three or four lines, he pushed them across the table, and said:

"Read that, and sign it."

It was an order upon the cashier and clerks of Drummond's bank to refuse payment of all checks signed by Mr. Saxon Trefalden until further notice.

"But suppose," said Saxon, "that he has cashed it already?"

"He can't cash it, you foolish boy, till the bank opens to-morrow morning; and by that time it will be too late. I shall instantly take a cab, and go down with this paper to the private house of the chief cashier; and, to make assurance doubly sure, Keckwitch shall be at the bank to-morrow morning when the doors open. Lucky for you, my fine fellow, that you committed this little folly after three o'clock in the day!"

Saxon signed the paper somewhat reluctantly, and Mr. Trefalden put it into his pocket-book.

"Our business conference must wait," said he, "till this affair is settled. Shall you be at home and alone to-morrow at twelve, if I come up for an hour's talk?"

"I will be at home and alone, of course," replied Saxon; "but I am going down into Surrey by the three o'clock express."

"To Castletowers?"

"Yes—for a week or ten days."

Mr. Trefalden hesitated.

"What I have to say to you must be said quietly and thoroughly," observed he, musingly. "And if you are very stupid indeed, and want a great deal of explanation—"

"Which is quite certain!" interrupted Saxon, laughing.

"Which I am afraid is quite certain—an hour will not be enough."

"Will you come at eleven?"

Mr. Trefalden took up a manuscript book, and examined one or two consecutive pages before replying.

"I will not come at all," he said, closing it decisively and taking up his hat. "I will run down to you at Castletowers instead, on Thursday morning. The entries in my engagement-book show nothing of great importance for that day, and I know the Earl will be pleased to receive me. I believe I can even manage to dine there, and return by the last train at ten."

"That *is* good!" exclaimed Saxon, heartily; "and a day out of town will invigorate you for a month."

So it was settled; and Mr. Trefalden turned off the last of the gas, and let his cousin out in the dark.

"I will send you a line in the morning just to say that all's well at Drummond's," said the lawyer, as they shook hands in the street below; "but you must give me your word of honor to sign no more checks till after Wednesday; and, above all, never again to transact any important business without first taking my advice."

"Indeed, cousin William, I never will," replied Saxon, penitently.

"And if your disinterested friend comes to you in his wrath to-morrow morning, refer him to me. My nerves are strong, and I can bear any amount of vituperation."

"I suppose he will be very much annoyed," said Saxon.

"Annoyed? He will go raging up and down seeking whom he may devour. But what does that matter? His anger will not fall upon you, but upon your legal adviser. And I am not afraid that he will eat me. Lawyers are indigestible."

Whereupon they again shook hands and went their separate ways; Mr. Trefalden's way being to Bayswater, where dwelt the chief cashier in the bosom of his family, and Saxon's to his stall at the opera.

CHAPTER XXI.

MR. GREATOREX WITH THE POLISH OFF.

"Mr. Greatorex wishes to know, Sir, if you can give him five minutes' private conversation."

It was not quite a quarter past ten, and Saxon, who had taken a riding lesson before breakfast, was loitering over a book, with the breakfast service still upon the table. He laid the volume hastily down and desired that Mr. Greatorex might be shown in. He was no moral coward; but he felt decidedly uncomfortable when he heard the quick ring of the banker's high-heeled boots on the polished floor of the ante-chamber.

Mr. Greatorex came in, shut the door in Gillingwater's face, flung a crumpled slip of paper on the table, and said, in a voice that quivered with suppressed passion:

"You have thought fit, Mr. Trefalden, to stop the payment of this check. May I inquire with what motive?"

He kept his hat on, and the face beneath it was at a white heat, even to the lips.

"I am really very sorry, Greatorex," said Saxon, nervously; "but I ought never to have given it to you. My cousin manages all my affairs, and I had no business to interfere with his arrangements. He objects to your offer, and—and I am obliged to decline it. But why won't you shake hands with me?"

Mr. Greatorex put his hands behind his back.

"You have insulted me," he said, "and—"

"Not intentionally," interrupted Saxon. "Upon my honor, not intentionally."

The banker heard him with a bitter smile.

"Pshaw!" he said, scornfully. "We all know what intentions are worth. Yours were certainly not very friendly when you exposed me just now to the grins and sneers of every petty clerk in Drummond's office. Pray did it not occur to you that the position might be the reverse of agreeable; or that it might affect my credit somewhat unpleasantly among my brother bankers?"

"I feared, indeed, that I might be so unfortunate as to inconvenience you, Mr. Greatorex," replied Saxon, with dignity; "and I tell you again that I am sorry for it. But I had no thought of insulting you."

"Inconvenience!" echoed Greatorex, fiercely. "Good God, man, you have ruined me!"

"Ruined you?"

"Ay, ruined me—me and mine—my father, who is an old man of sixty-eight—my sisters, who are both unmarried. Curse you! how do you like that?"

And with this he flung himself into a chair and sat drumming on the table with his clenched hands.

Saxon was inexpressibly shocked.

"You must explain this to me," he faltered. "I do not understand—indeed I do not!"

Greatorex glared up at him vindictively, but made no reply.

"I would not willingly injure my worst enemy, if I had one," continued the young fellow, with tears in his voice if not in his eyes; "much less one whom I have eaten and drunk with and looked upon as my friend. What do you mean when you say that I have ruined you?"

"Simply that we shall be in the *Gazette* to-morrow. You understand that, I suppose?"

The coarse nature of the man had all come to the surface under this powerful test, and he took no pains to hide it. He was literally drunk with rage. Saxon, however, saw his condition, and, ignorant as he was of human nature, by some fine instinct understood and pitied it.

"But why need the withdrawal of this sum work you so much evil?" he said, gently. "You are surely no worse off without it to-day than you were yesterday."

"This is why—since you *will* have it! We wanted money—money and time—for we have met with some ugly losses that we didn't choose to tell the world about; and we knew we could pull through if we had the chance."

"Well?"

"Well, there are three or four firms that have heavy claims upon us, and are getting troublesome. Relying on your check I wrote to them last night and desired them to draw upon us any time after twelve to-day. They will draw—and the bank will stop payment."

Saxon sprang to his feet and seized the check, which was still lying where the banker had thrown it.

"No, no," he cried, "not through my act, Greatorex—Heaven forbid! How much do you want to meet these claims to-day?"

"There's one of twenty-two thousand six hundred and forty-five pounds," said the other, still sullenly, but in an altered tone. "That's the heaviest. Another of eighteen thousand two hundred and three fifteen; one of ten thousand; and one of seven thousand nine hundred and eleven. Fifty-eight thousand seven hundred and fifty-nine pounds fifteen shillings in all."

Saxon flew to the bell and rang it furiously.

"A Hansom from the stand, Gillingwater," said he, "and choose the best horse among them." Then, snatching up his hat, "Greatorex," he added, "I would drive you to Drummond's this instant, if I could; but I won't break my word. I gave William my solemn promise last night to do nothing without consulting him, and I must go down to Chancery Lane first. But you shall have the money before twelve—nay, don't shake your head. It still wants twenty minutes to eleven, and I'll be back in three quarters of an hour!"

"Pooh!" said the banker, impatiently. "I dare say you mean it; but he won't let you do it. I know him."

Saxon's eyes flashed.

"Then you don't know me," said he. "The money is my own, and I swear you shall have it. How much do you say it is?"

"Fifty-eight thousand seven hundred and—"

"Then fifty-nine thousand will do, and that's easier to remember. Come, old fellow, jump into my cab with me. I can take you as far as Chancery Lane, and you'll see me back in Lombard Street before twelve o'clock."

In another moment they were flying down Pall Mall, and Greatorex was saying quite pleasantly, and in his usual well-bred tone:

"There's no need, Trefalden, that you should come back all the way to Drummond's. I'll wait for you at Child's, close by. They know me, and will cash your check directly."

RED JIM.

Five-and-twenty years ago it was such a summer, here in Victoria, as it now is in the end of February, 1865; that is to say, the bush grass lay long and dead amidst moveless trees, or upon the level tiresome plains; the heated air quivered against the low horizon, and danced above the withered verdure like the surroundings of a furnace. There had been a long season of drought. Nothing but dry water-beds, distressed flocks, and wandering cattle, were to be seen any where; sometimes the black heavy masses of smoke would roll along the distant sky, and cloud the glaring sun to crimson. Sometimes in the close night a flush, far and faint, told that the conflagrations which had not yet reached us were sweeping many an acre of brush or pasture land. That was a summer I shall never forget! Day after day the same bright dazzling sky, the scorched hills and plains, the weary irritating sense of prostration. I watched the poor half-maddened sheep, weeks upon weeks, with a painful sense of duty which is present to me even now. There was little feed they could eat, and still less of filthy stagnant water in the sole muddy pool on which they depended as their last resource. Listlessly they coiled in the shade, and listlessly I watched them, until I began to experience a fierce irritable longing for rain that haunted me day and night like a coming mania. Some nights I threw myself down outside the hut and tried to sleep, but could find no rest; the still, hot atmosphere kept up the fever that was coming upon me, and my slumber was ever broken. I used to envy the old station horse they had left for my use, when I heard him nibbling among the grass in the darkness of the night, and snorting satisfaction that the sun had passed the hazy hills. After a time I began to loathe the weary walk home, and, taking with me an extra supply of tea and damper, made a practice of camping where the sheep camped: visiting my hut only as the vagaries of the flock led me to its vicinity; then I replenished my stock, and left with the sheep again. I am sure I had fever, and would soon have become delirious, for I had nothing to relieve the frightful monotony—always the same brazen sky, the dead sweltering heat, the motionless forest, the strange murmurings of the wilderness, like the faint whisperings of a sea-shell.

One night I was lying tossing about in the long

grass of a box-swamp, not a mile from my hut. I chose the place because the ground was cooler there than on the unsheltered plain; and as I looked up to the dull starlight I thought of many of my boyish remembrances, and soon felt that I was weeping what time they surged up dimly and tenderly. How I longed for the bleak sky, the cold bracing wind, and the sleety rain of home! How I longed for the pattering fall of rain on the windows, and the winter comfort of the bright hearth-stone. Somehow these longings wove in with my thoughts, and in a partial dream I heard winter sounds again, and loud words, and laughter.

I awoke with a sudden start to see, not twenty yards from me, three men hobbling their horses, and speaking to each other about some bush fire. I could hardly persuade myself that I was not still dreaming.

One of the men was soon engaged in lighting a fire on a bare patch of ground, and I was about rising to join them and taste of companionship once more, when a column of flame started up suddenly and displayed a face that caused me to shrink back again with a muttered thanksgiving that I was not discovered. The face that the fire revealed was known to me at once, though I had never seen it before. The one eye and harelip of "Red Jim" had been freely spoken about in every shepherd's hut on the surrounding stations. There was no mistaking him. The bull-dog forehead, the heavy jaw, and the thick neck, were features that in themselves would have sufficiently pointed out the identity of this escaped convict. Recalling the man now, as I saw him then, I think I never beheld so perfect an impersonation of a bad criminal. It was well known that Red Jim had escaped from penal servitude, accompanied by three others, but had arrived in this colony *alone*. It was equally well known that he could only have survived the incredible journey by cannibalism. Red Jim had ruthlessly murdered one or two settlers against whom he entertained a grudge, and every effort was being at that time made to capture him. There was nothing remarkable in the faces of his companions. They simply showed by word and feature all the evidences of ruffianism usual in men of their class. They had coarse long limbs and heavy reckless faces, seared into revolting harshness by a long series of crimes. Two of them were armed with guns.

These thoughts and observations passed through my mind in much less time than it takes to write them. I was speedily recalled from speculation by hearing the word "Hallelujah" used. Hallelujah was the sobriquet given to my master because of his strictly adhering to the habit of reading prayers in the family morning and evening. Mr. Christmas was a kind, benevolent man, respected by every "hand" on the station; and by none more than by myself. He had been very considerate to me in a late illness, and often sought by many subsequent attentions to cheer the [illegible] of my employment. One of Red Jim's comp[illegible]swer to something Red Jim said, replied with an oath:

"Yes, we'll see if his psalm-singing will save him now."

Then the other said: "There are a couple of women there, and we shall have time to give them a taste of bush life before morning."

"Look ye 'ere," growled the ruffian, "we'll roast Hallelujah first. That's our look-out. We'll see if the old prayer-patterer has nothing else to do but help to run us down. Give him a taste of fire before the devil gets him."

I had no fever, no lassitude, now; the prostration of the last few weeks left me as by magic, and in its stead I felt a fierce delightful energy tingling along every nerve. Down close among the dry tindering grass, away with suppressed breath, and a wild feeling closing round my heart, I crept from the vicinity of the fire. I pursued my way, on my hands and knees, with a slow determined care that has since surprised me, avoiding every branch or twig that might crackle in my path. I hurried on past the flock without so much as disturbing a sheep.

Not till a long safe distance intervened did I stand erect and fresh for the events of the night. Whatever they might be, God in his mercy alone knew.

I turned and saw the black forms of the bush-rangers moving about the blaze, and with a run I started for the hut. Before a quarter of an hour passed I saw it dimly against the sky, and almost at the same instant a frightened snort told me that the horse was within a few yards of my course. Uttering a hurried thanksgiving that I had found him so providentially near, I unfastened the hobbles with quick, steady hands, and led him to the threshold.

I put on the patched saddle and bridle, and in another five minutes the fine old cob was stretching himself to a swift free gallop. My mind was too full for thought; but I can remember uttering repeatedly the words "Thank God!"

What a contrast to the still, hot, monotonous days, and the enervated frame! What a testimony to the power of mental excitement over bodily lassitude! The horse felt my determination too, and sped along without pause or stumble. It was seven miles to the station, and the black belts of timber rose, and passed, and came again, as I hurried on for dear life over crabbed ground and abrupt hillocks. The brave old cob had as little thought of rest as I had. Once, indeed, he paused at a rocky crossing-place, but immediately resumed the swift pace at which we had started. Have horses intuition or presentiment? I don't know; but I have often wondered at the long, unurged gallop of that brave old gelding.

There, away beyond in the black darkness, I see something that is not a star. Is it moving, or is it the pace of the horse? It seems extinguished now. No, there it is again. Hurrah, it is a candle! It is the homestead, calm and peaceful. Again, thank God!

Strange to say, I never felt such a sense of pleasure as I did when I learned that I had found the house so quickly—the most familiar point is not easily gained in the trackless bush at night. A minute more and I had dismounted to take down the slip panels of the station fence; another minute and I had galloped up to the front entrance at a pace that dashed the gravel from the trim-kept paths.

The door opened, and a gush of light streamed upon the darkness, glinting on the sides of the reeking horse. Mr. Christmas himself—old, but hale and vigorous as many a younger man—peered out into the night with an expression of surprise. In beyond were the evidences of calm and refinement. A quiet comfort dwelt in the little glimpse I had of the room, that settled upon me even then, rough bush-man as I was, with a pleasing sense. I can recall myself, bending below the withers of the panting horse, to peer under the rather low veranda, my dress wet with perspiration from his heavy sides, and my hand pressing the moisture from his shoulder till I heard it fall pattering on the gravel.

Mr. Christmas thought it was the working overseer, for he said, "Is that you, Curran?" and, without waiting for a reply, he turned to place the light upon the table, and then stepped out to where I was.

"Well, Curran, what is it? I thought you were at the fire."

"It is not Curran, Sir," I replied, "but Ned, the shepherd. I have come to tell you—"

"Better have your supper first, Ned. You've had a hard ride, I see. Are the sheep all right?"

"There is no time for supper. Red Jim!"

I hurriedly told him all I knew. He heard me to the end without once interrupting, and then said quickly, "Come in. There is indeed no time to lose."

I stepped after him across the pleasant room, where there were seated two ladies reading.

"Ladies," said Mr. Christmas, as gracefully as though I held the position of a gentleman rather than that of a servant, "this is Ned Graham, the shepherd, to whom you remember sending medicine and comforts during his illness." The ladies bowed pleasantly as Mr. Christmas continued: "He is now come to return your kindness with interest."

They looked at me with some surprise: principally, I think, because of the emphatic, distinct way in which the last few words were spoken. After a pause the master said: "Amelia, Emily—I wish to speak to you both for a moment."

They all three left the room, while I, curious in such matters, looked at the open books that were lying on the table. One was Ivanhoe; a second some French work; and that opposite the old gentleman's chair a large family Bible.

In a few minutes I heard Mr. Christmas's step as he returned with two double-barreled guns. There was a rigid expression on his face, very different to what I had ever seen there before: not the slightest evidence of faltering or fear.

"Are you cool and a good shot?" were the first words he uttered.

"I am, Sir," I replied, confidently. "Are the guns loaded, and the ladies safe?"

"They are in as safe a position as I can find for them, Ned, and the guns are loaded with coarse shot and ball. You had better see if the powder is well up into the nipples. I am sorry to say my caps are none of the best. A shot missed may be death to us, and to those I value more than myself. However, we are in the hands of God."

"What plan do you purpose, Mr. Christmas?" I asked, earnestly.

"Take half a glass of brandy and I will tell you."

He signed to the sideboard, where a decanter stood. I was about to follow his suggestion, when he said, "Stay! Don't pass between the light and the window. Go round the table. Every thing must wear the appearance of peace. We can not tell where they are now, and it would not do to arouse their suspicions."

In a few minutes the light was extinguished, the door was bolted, and we stepped quietly out on the little parterre in front.

"Now," said my master, slowly, "there are only our two selves to defend my home and my children. My servants are all absent at a bush fire that was reported this afternoon, and every thing will depend upon our coolness and determination. We can not do otherwise than shoot to kill. The gang will, of course, enter by the slip panels, for they will not run the risk of leaving their horses behind. Then, as the faintest noise can be heard on such a night as this, they will not hazard the pulling down of the fence. We will each take up a position behind the large posts, take sure aim, and fire low. I'll fire first."

As silently as spectres we walked across to the paddock entrance, and stood opposite each other at the place indicated. With straining eyes and beating heart I peered into the obscurity. Afar, I thought I could see a faint tint on the sky, like the reflection of the ruffian's camp-fire. The night was terribly silent and oppressive. There was nothing apparently on which to exercise the senses but a kind of overpowering hush. There was a dim hazy curtain across the sky, and the night was of a black darkness. I should have thought oftentimes that I was dreaming, were it not for the patient motionless figure opposite, and the faint stars. Inaction under such circumstances is hardly to be borne, and my thoughts often wandered from their very intensity. I began to speculate how long it would take a star to pass some black ragged patch of cloud, and then I would look before me and see it dancing on the darkness. Then the face of Red Jim would grow upon me, till I saw the hideous features close to where I stood. Still no sound broke on the dark shrouding night. Sometimes I thought, with a chilly start, that the bush-rangers might have approached the house by some other way, but up behind me all was quiet.

At last there came a thin faint murmur that barely caught the ear, and, as I listened to know if it were real, I caught another but better defined noise that overpowered the first. At last I detected something that might be the footfalls of a horse; sometimes it would die away and come again, but each time more clearly than before. And yet I could not feel certain that I was not deceiving myself. Eventually I heard a muffled sound, distinct and defined enough to proclaim the approach of a horse, or horses.

Mr. Christmas heard it also, for I dimly saw him move.

My hands felt along the cool barrels, and toyed with the hammers and triggers anxiously enough, and I put the gun to my shoulder against the sky, but failed to see the "view." Just as I had taken the weapon down again Mr. Christmas said, in a clear, low whisper, "Be sure you aim low, and don't be in a hurry."

At the sounds of the horses' hoofs and of voices mingled I detected the double click from the opposite gun. I followed the example, and, with both guns cocked, we waited the enemy's near approach. Gradually I recognized the outlines of the men against the sky, cloudy as it was; they were approaching in single file, and as they became blacker and better defined I heard a stifled laugh and an oath. In a short time they were within twenty yards of where we stood, and they pulled up to consult. Although they spoke in whispers I heard much that passed, for my sense of hearing had become extremely acute, as that of all shepherds does. It was impossible to distinguish by the tones who the speakers were, but I heard one of them inquire:

"Are you sure the hands ain't above?"

"Sartain—when Leary spun his yarn about the fire the cove sent 'em all away to it."

"Hallelujah fust. If we fire the box it'll bring 'em back."

"And no grabbing the molls," whispered one of them, authoritatively, and whom I fancied was Red Jim, "till I make the cursed old psalm-singer a back log for the bonfire. Then we'll make love if you choose."

"Come on!" said an impatient voice; "don't hold a prayer-meeting over it."

They then tied their horses to a fence that ran at right angles to the post against which I stood, and approached the entrance still in single file. I determined to adhere strictly to the orders I had received, and waited for the opposite fire. I knew that my companion would allow the men to advance a little, so that he might not endanger me; and it was with a throbbing heart that I saw the black form of the first bush-ranger pass between us.

I heard him stumble with an oath over a cart-rut. Then a line of flame cut its abrupt short track on the darkness, and the sound had not passed to echoes before a shrill cry followed it, as the villain staggered on a few paces and fell, plowing up the dust. The light of the discharge had just died out when I heard another snap, as a sportsman shoots when firing right and left. I knew that the master's gun was now useless.

"Come on, Nix! It's the cove himself. I saw him by the light of the shot; his sting's gone now." And one of the men rushed to where my master stood, followed by his comrade.

I had one of them covered, but if I fired (I heard the noise of struggling) I might kill my master. Thus I stood with the gun at aim, undecided and half mad. The voice of one of the men saying, "Damn you, knife him!" resolved me, and I fired among them. I saw some one sink down, but I could not tell who it was, and, as he appeared to let go his hold and rush to the horses, I took a second hurried aim and fired; then I bounded across the entrance, just in time to see the wounded wretch bending over Mr. Christmas and trying to strangle him. In a moment the gun was poised and smashed to fragments on his skull. But we had exposed our strength, and the remaining bush-ranger, who believed he had stabbed my companion, seized one of the guns left standing at the fence, and fired. The ball was unpleasantly close, and I had scarce time to know that I was uninjured when Red Jim himself was upon me with the weapon clubbed. I made a rapid spring at him before the blow could fall, and grappled with him. We rolled on the ground together. With all the force of my strength I resisted his efforts to grasp me by the throat, but at last his hideous face sunk close to mine, and his teeth met beneath my chin. I experienced a suffocating, giddy feeling, and then I heard hurried voices and running feet just as I felt my grip relax powerless. But the frightful grip relaxed too, and Red Jim rose to his feet and jumped on my chest with all his force.

When I came to consciousness I found myself in the cheerful parlor, and the ladies' hands were tenderly washing away the traces of the fight. Mr. Christmas had fainted from loss of blood, but was not dangerously wounded.

Red Jim escaped, but his two companions, neither of whom was killed, were given into the safe keeping of the authorities, and afterward hanged. Three years after the affray Mr. Christmas made me his overseer, and finally his manager. A long time has passed since then, but yet a closer relationship exists between us. I am writing the tale of my early experiences at the same table whereon I saw the Bible on that memorable night. There is a lady who sits opposite to me. She was the reader of Ivanhoe, the daughter of Mr. Christmas, and she is my wife.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

AN ALGERINE WEDDING.—Moorish ladies are usually married at or before the age of thirteen; and I was informed of some curious particulars by an English lady who was present at one of these marriages, the families on both sides being of the highest Moorish birth. The young lady was very lovely, and under the age I have mentioned above. The company of ladies (headed by her mother), amounting in all to upward of sixty, among whom were my informant and a few French ladies, surrounded the bride, whose head, as usual, was wrapped in a sack, and led her, a few hours after dark, to her future home, where they were received by the mother and female relations of the bridegroom. The poor child, weeping bitterly, was then undressed, carried by her attendants into a bed, where she was commanded to sleep for an hour or two while they ate their supper! The European ladies were served apart with coffee, cakes, and confectionery; while the Moorish ladies (some of them very beautiful) were closely seated in a circle on an immense low cushion, and on their knees a long napkin which extended round the whole party; in the centre was a sort of low circular table which moved on a pivot, and on which the slaves placed one dish at a time, out of which each lady took a mouthful with her fingers, and with a slight touch made the dish revolve to her next neighbor. The dishes succeeded one another to the number of more than twenty, when the whole was carried off; and at eleven a slight refreshment was taken to the bride, after which the ceremony of dressing her commenced. Every lady present was requested to take some slight part in this important operation, and my English friend's consisted in plaiting one of an immense number of little tresses into which her long black hair was divided, with a diamond trembling at the end of each. Her face was then *enameled*, and a star of gold-leaf fixed on each cheek, as well as on her chin and the tip of her nose. Rows of the finest pearls were hung round her neck, increasing in size until the lower row reached to her waist, and which were of the size of small nuts. Her dress was of cloth-of-silver, with the usual muslin trowsers, and a sort of crown of diamonds on her head. By two in the morning all was ready and the room prepared, when the finishing stroke was put to the whole by *gumming down her eyes*, which were not to be opened until the following morning, when she might see her husband, and not till then.

At two o'clock the slaves introduced the bridegroom, a handsome youth of nineteen, dressed in pale gray silk profusely ornamented with silver and diamonds. He took his place under a canopy, to which the bride was also guided by her mother, and placed by his side. His mother then poured a few drops of rose-water into the bride's hand, which the bridegroom drank; and then her mother poured also a few drops into his hand, and guided it to her daughter's mouth, and she drank it; upon which they were pronounced man and wife, and the company immediately separated.

AT HOME.—The highest style of being at home grows out of a special state of the affections rather than of the intellect. Who has not met with individuals whose faces would be a passport to any society, and whose manners, the unstudied and spontaneous expressions of their inner selves, make them visibly welcome wherever they go, and attract unbounded confidence toward them in whatever they undertake. They are frank, because they have nothing to conceal; affable, because their natures overflow with benevolence; unflurried, because they dread nothing; always at home, because they carry within themselves that which can trust to itself any where and every where—purity of soul, with fullness of health. Such are our best guaranties for feeling at home in all society to which duty takes us, and in every occupation upon which it obliges us to enter. They who live least for themselves are also the least embarrassed by uncertainties.

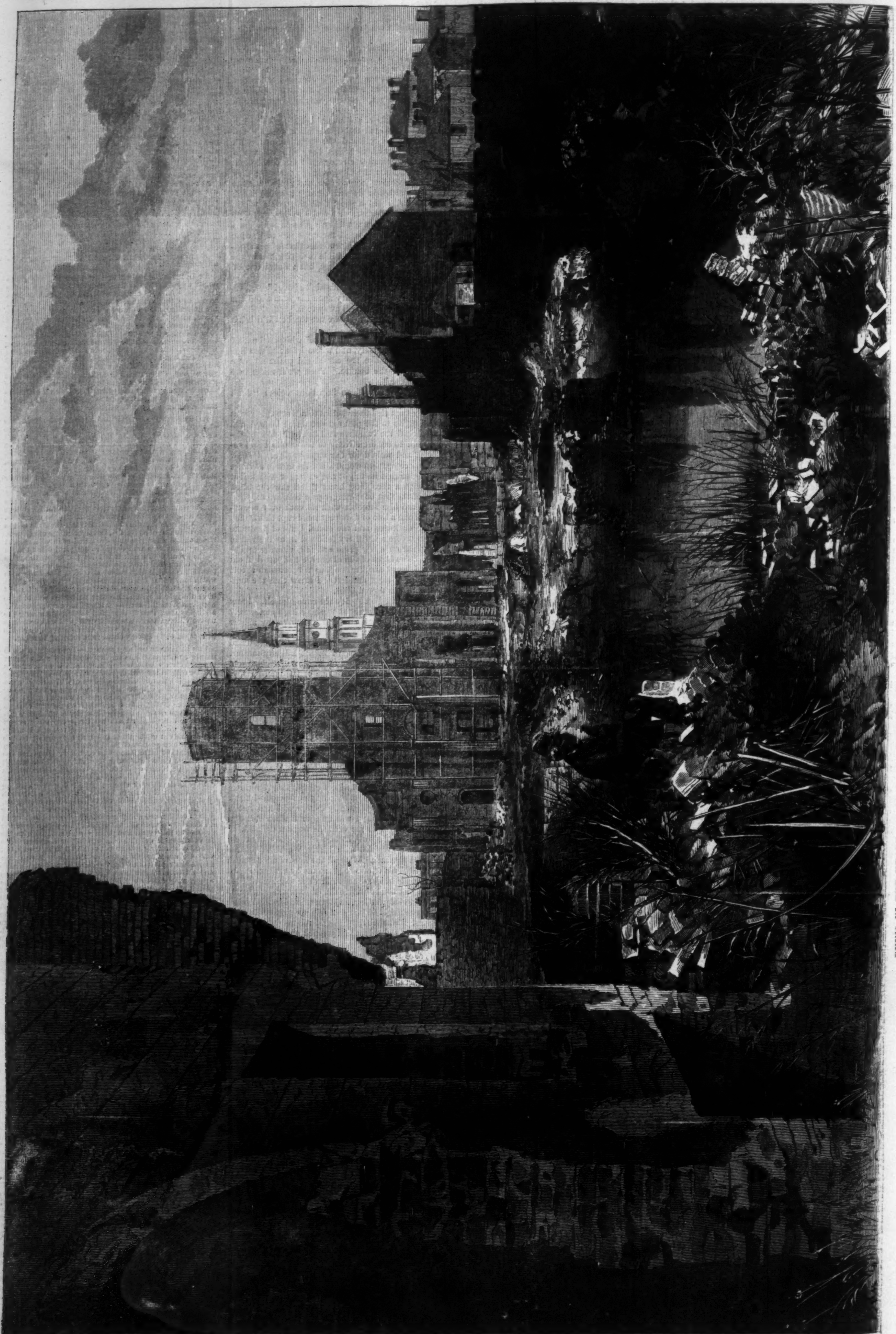
A COCOA-NUT PLANTATION.—A cocoa-nut plantation has altogether a singular appearance. The trees being of one age, are of a uniform height, thickness of trunk, and spread of top; they are planted in horizontal lines at equal distances, and, growing up straight and perpendicular, present a series of long, tall, thin gray columns, roofed over by green feathery foliage. The trees at maturity attain a height of forty feet, unbroken by a leaf or branch, and rarely inclining more than two or three degrees from the perpendicular; the tops have a spread of about twenty-five feet in diameter, and, as the trees are seldom planted further apart than thirty feet, their foliage forms nearly an unbroken canopy, shading the ground below. The nuts grow in clusters between the roots of the leaves or branches at the top, in all conditions of ripeness. If not picked when ripe they drop, and even with careful picking many nuts are lost by dropping and being broken on the ground. Indeed, in a large plantation the noise of the falling nuts and the dead old branches strangely breaks the silence that reigns around. The force with which they fall is considerable—sufficient, if they alight on the head, to kill a man of ordinarily thick skull, and I have thought it remarkable that no deaths should have happened from this cause—at least I have never heard of a single case. This is especially remarkable among the native villages, which are thickly crowded with cocoa-nut trees, under the shade of which the huts repose, and the little black children play about from morning to night.

THE PLEASURES OF INTOLERANCE.—The people in whom nature or education has implanted an easy and tolerant temper scarcely know of how much and what peculiarly intense delight they are depriving themselves. They hear hostile opinions, and witness conduct of which they do not wholly approve, without any burning anxiety to punish or convert the offender. They can endure without impatience any amount of difference of sentiment on the part of those around them as to all imaginable subjects. They are unwilling to believe that truth has never any other aspect than that which is presented to themselves, and is never to be found out of the track in which they are content to seek their own portion of it. There is a mild comfort in such a state of mind it must be confessed. It makes the world go a little easier with us. Philosophy has taught that truth can only come out of the conflict of antagonistic opinions. Religion, too, enjoins upon us the practice of charity as the chief of virtues. And it is rather soothing to find one's self living in harmony with the conclusions of philosophy, and in obedience to the precepts of religion. But what are these tepid delights compared with the fiery joys of intolerance and persecution? An ox browsing in a meadow is comfortable enough, but his pleasures of life are unspeakably tame and mean when compared with the fierce energetic delights of a panther or a hyena. The sweets of brotherly love are all very well in their way, but they are unendurably insipid to those who have accustomed their palates to the sweets of hatred and malice and all uncharitableness. The pleasure of forgiving an enemy may satisfy a mild and lukewarm nature. The pleasure of hunting him down, and reviling him, and calumniating his name, and surrounding him with all manner of torments, is much more gratifying to men and women of high spirit. No conviction is worth the name unless it is strong enough to make a man go through fire and water to punish all who do not share it with him. To take as much trouble as possible to form your own opinions aright, and then to leave others alone to go through the same process on their own account, is poor work indeed. There is no excitement in this—no room for that animosity and spitefulness and bad language which make the profession of the fervent proselytizer or the intolerant partisan so genuinely pleasurable.

WEIGHT OF PEOPLE.—What is the average weight of a man? At what age does he attain his greatest weight? How much heavier are men than women? What would be the weight of fat people—and what of very fat people? M. Quetelet, of Brussels, some years ago deemed such questions quite within the scope of his extensive series of researches on man. He got hold of every body he could, every where, and weighed them all. He weighed the babies, he weighed the boys and girls, he weighed the youths and maidens, he weighed men and women, he weighed collegians, soldiers, factory people, pensioners—and as he had no particular theory to disturb his facts, he honestly set down such results as he met with. All the infants in the Foundling Hospital at Brussels for a considerable period were weighed, and the results were compared with others obtained at similar establishments in Paris and Moscow. The average returns show that a citizen of the world, on the first day of his appearance in public, weighs about six pounds and a half—a boy baby a little more, a girl baby a little less. Some very modest babies hardly turn the scale with two pounds and a half, while other pretentious youngsters boast of ten and eleven pounds. M. Quetelet grouped his thousands of people according to ages, and found that the young men of twenty averaged 143 pounds each, while the young women of twenty have an average of 120 pounds. His men reached their heaviest bulk at about thirty-five, when their average weight was 152 pounds; but the women slowly fattened on until fifty, when their average was 129 pounds. Men and women together, the weight at full growth averaged almost exactly 140 pounds.

HOW MUCH IS HE WORTH.—Of all current questions this is the one most frequently asked. It is, in fact, the great question of the day. Nobody to speak of inquiries, "Is he honest?" "Is he patriotic?" Every body puts the query, "What is he worth?" Money is not merely the commercial standard of value, but too often the criterion of social position, and the touch-stone of character.

IN 1865 there were 104 public libraries in the United States, with 10,000 volumes in each. They contained in the aggregate 2,408,477. It is estimated that there are upward of 12,000,000 volumes in the whole of the public libraries in the United States.



RUINS IN THE HEART OF CHARLESTON—VIEW FROM KING STREET.—[Photographed by George N. Barnard.]

PAROLED REBEL PRISONERS AT THE BATTERY.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.]

EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE CELLS IN WHICH THE CONSPIRATORS ARE CONFINED IN THE OLD PENITENTIARY AT WASHINGTON.

THE WELCOME.

FAR, far away the cannon's thunders cease,
That for so long resounded near and loud;
And out of War's red ashes rises Peace,
While from the land rolls off the battle-cloud.

Toward the far West we, people of the North,
With answering shout and smile of welcome, turn,
While from Missouri's iron hills rings forth
The grand unfaltering chorus, "WE RETURN!"

Up from the fertile fields of Tennessee
Peal the glad tidings to the summer sky;
Northward they roll upon the winds, and we,
With "WELCOME! WELCOME! WELCOME!" make reply.

Come one, come all, come every sister State
Back in the Union! let the old feud cease,
And lust of party fade, and bitter hate
Vanish before the pure white dawn of Peace.

Come underneath the old flag; see it wave
Proudly above the nation's pillared dome;
Here in our land Oppression finds its grave—
Henceforth it shall be only Freedom's home.

And statesmen in our halls, with wisdom taught,
Shall meet in council where of old were met,
From near and far, the men of liberal thought,
And set the bounds of greatness wider yet—

Till envious lands shall look upon our own
With jealous vision; and to her for aid
The weak shall cling; while on his tottering throne
The Old World despot shall shrink back afraid.

Come then, ye sister States! we fling the cry
Of welcome as to thee our gaze we turn;
While swell the glorious tidings to the sky
In one unfaltering chorus, "WE RETURN!"

REBEL PRISONERS AT THE BATTERY, NEW YORK.

THE rebel prisoners are rapidly getting away from us on the way to their homes. Our sketch on page 429 represents a party of these at the Battery receiving strawberries at the well-meaning hands of an old lady. Beyond is a carriage surrounded by a group pressing forward for new shoes, clothes, etc., and to sell fans to visitors.

The Sanitary Commission has been there distributing blankets. These the rebels take outside and sell for a trifle, and the same fate often awaits the shoes and clothes given them. They are very dirty, and have to be almost driven into the bay to wash. The quarters they occupy would be none the worse for considerable cleaning, but these men prefer to loaf about the yard and Battery in total indolence. People who have been to the barracks offering employment to these men have almost invariably failed to engage any, the few who go to work being of the better class, and they wish only to work long enough to procure a decent outfit and some loose change to take home with them. Most of these prisoners are from Fort Delaware and Hart Island. From the latter all the late prisoner inmates, except a few who are too ill to be removed at present, have been removed, and in the former there are none now remaining. There are now on the Battery awaiting transportation about six hundred of these men, who will probably be forwarded soon. When the barracks are cleared of these, two thousand three hundred additional are to be received from Elmira, who will be afforded transportation as soon as possible.

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"With single or double thread, it silently yet very rapidly, with a common needle, makes the running stitch exactly like hand-sewing."—*New York Tribune.*

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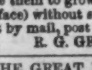

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